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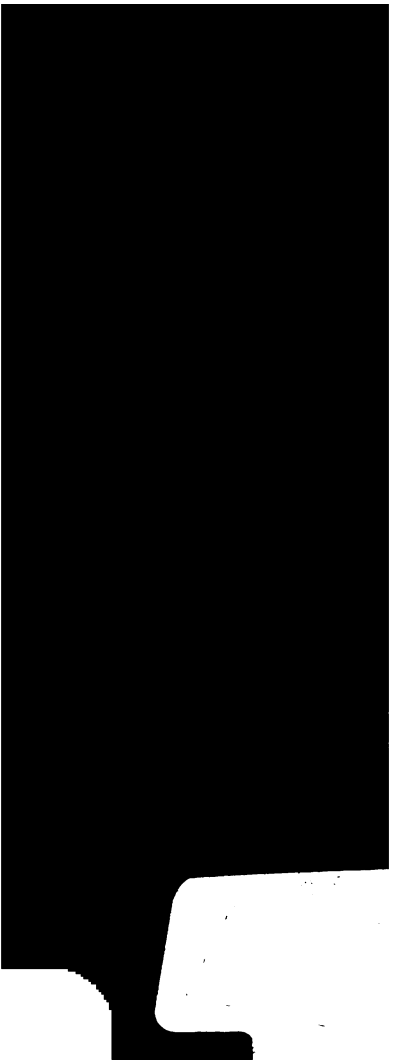

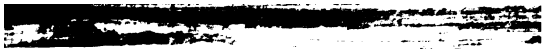

*BELL's*

# BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. III.

# *BELL's*

# BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF

*THE MOST ESTEEMED*

## ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. III.

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CATO, . . . . . — ADDISON.
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THE

# *FAIR PENITENT.*

A

TRAGEDY.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

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Bookseller *to His Royal* Highness the Prince of Wales.

M D CC XCI.

TO HER GRACE THE

*DUTCHESS OF ORMOND.*

MADAM,

*THE privilege of poetry (or it may be the vanity of the pretenders to it) has given 'em a kind of right to pretend at the same time, to the favour of those, whom their high birth and excellent qualities have placed in a very distinguishing manner above the rest of the world. If this be not a received maxim, yet I am sure I am to wish it were, that I may have at least some kind of excuse for laying this tragedy at your Grace's feet. I have too much reason to fear that it may prove but an indifferent entertainment to your Grace, since, if I have any way succeeded in it, it has been in describing those violent passions which have been always strangers to so happy a temper, and so noble and so exalted a virtue as your Grace is mistress of. But, for all this, I cannot but confess the vanity which I have, to hope that there may be something so moving in the misfortunes and distress of the play, as may be not altogether unworthy of your* Grace's *pity. For it is one of the main designs of* tragedy ; and to

*excite this generous pity in the greatest minds, m*
*pass for some kind of success in this way of writi*
*I am sensible of the presumption I am guilty of*
*this hope, and how much it is that I pretend to*
*your Grace's approbation; if it be my good fort*
*to meet with any little share of it, I shall always l*
*upon it as much more to me than the general appla*
*of the theatre, or even the praise of a good criti*
*Your Grace's name is the best protection this play*
*hope for; since the world, ill-natured as it is, ag*
*in an universal respect and deference for your Gra*
*person and character. In so censorious an ag*
*this is, where malice furnishes out all the public*
*versations, where every body pulls and is pulle*
*pieces of course, and where there is hardly suc*
*thing as being merry, but at another's expence;*
*by a public and uncommon justice to the Dutches*
*Ormond, her name has never been mentioned, b*
*it ought, though she has beauty enough to pro*
*detraction from the fairest of her own sex, and*
*enough to make the loose and dissolute of the*
*(a very formidable party) her enemies, Inste*
*this, they agree to say nothing of her but what*
*serves. That her spirit is worthy of her birt*
*sweetness, of the love and respect of all the*
*her piety, of her religion; her service, of he*
*mistress; and her beauty and truth, of her lor*
*in short, every part of her character is just,*

*she is the best reward for one of the greatest heroes this age has produced. This, Madam, is what you must allow people every where to say; those whom you shall leave behind you in England will have something further to add, the loss we shall suffer by your Grace's journey to Ireland; the Queen's pleasure, and the impatient wishes of that nation, are about to deprive us of our public ornaments. But there is no arguing against reasons so prevalent as these. Those who shall lament your Grace's absence, will yet acquiesce in the wisdom and justice of her Majesty's choice: among all whose royal favours, none could be so agreeable, upon a thousand accounts, to that people, as the Duke of Ormond. With what joy, what acclamations shall they meet a Governor, who, beside their former obligations to his family, has so lately ventured his life and fortune for their preservation! What duty, what submission shall they not pay to that authority which the Queen has delegated to a person so dear to them? And with what honour, what respect, shall they receive your Grace, when they look upon you as the noblest and best pattern her Majesty could send them, of her own royal goodness, and personal virtues? They shall behold your Grace with the same pleasure the English shall take, whenever it shall be their good fortune to see you return again to you native country. In England, your Grace is become a public concern;* and as

*your going away will be attended with a general sorrow, so your return shall give as general a joy; and to none of those many, more than to,*

*Madam,*

*Your Grace's most obedient, and*

*Most humble servant,*

*N. ROWE.*

---

NOTE.—This Dedication is a model of servility in addressing the Great.—One further observation may be made; through two pages whereever *shall* recurs, he ought to have written *will*. THE EDITOR.

## NICHOLAS ROWE.

ɔLAS ROWE was the son of JOHN ROWE,
rjeant at Law---A place called Little Berk-
Bedfordshire had the honour of the birth
Poet in the year 1673.---A private semi-
t Highgate gave him the rudiments of
g, and, that he might be perfect as a clas-
was sent to Westminster, under Busby.

ather, designing him for his own profes-
ıtered him at 16 years of age a Student of
ıdle Temple, but he was destined to rise
ı the Temple of the Muses—He had some
re is no doubt, but he had more poetry.

ıess of a graver nature, however, he at a
period accepted—he was Under-Secretary
)uke of Queensberry, when that Nobleman
:retary of State.

:r the reign of George I. he united two
ıents *not often* combined, for he became

Poet Laureat and Land-Surveyor of the Custor
—He was, further, Clerk of the Prince's Counc
&c. but death frustrated the honours of Offic
Dec. 6, 1718, in the 45th year of his age.

He sought the public approbation by vario
channels—He edited SHAKSPERE—he translat
LUCAN, and he composed the following PLAYS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Ambitious Step-Mother* | 1700 | *Ulysses* —— —— | 1 |
| *Tamerlane* —— | 1702 | *Royal Convert* —— | 1 |
| *Fair Penitent* —— | 1703 | *Jane Shore* —— | 1 |
| *Biter* —— —— | 1705 | *Jane Gray* —— | 1 |

## FAIR PENITENT.

THIS Tragedy has the usual characteristics of ROWE —Suavity—Pomp—a sententious Morality—little action, less passion. He wins upon the ear—he never irresistibly seizes on the heart.

Dramatically, ROWE must be considered as the founder of a subordinate idea of the nature of Tragic structure—He is content to be graceful, and occasionally aims to be grand—his characters sooth and satiate—they are wearisomely uniform—Sympathy he has seldom the secret to command—SHORE does draw tears, and only Shore.

This play bespeaks *Italian* reading, and yet of Italian, ROWE knew so little that he sounds SCIOLTO a trissyllable. What is his merit it may be asked?—moral purpose? not always. Versification is nearly the whole of it.—But though majestic and harmonious, it is not the versification best adapted to the Stage.—It is too perpetually polished—his lines are not sufficiently broken by pauses.

# PROLOGUE.

*LONG has the fate of kings and empires been*
*The common bus'ness of the tragic scene,*
*As if misfortune made the throne her seat,*
*And none could be unhappy, but the great.*
*Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he wears,*
*And many are the mighty monarch's cares:*
*By foreign foes and home-bred factions prest,*
*Few are the joys he knows, and short his hours of rest,*
*Stories like these with wonder we may hear;*
*But far remote, and in a higher sphere,*
*We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share:*
*Like distant battles of the Pole and Swede,*
*Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,*
*Careless for who should fall or who succeed.*
*Therefore an humbler theme our author chose,*
*A melancholy tale of private woes:*
*No princes here lost royalty bemoan,*
*But you shall meet with sorrows like your own:*
*Here see imperious love his vassals treat*
*As hardly as ambition does the great;*
*See how succeeding passions rage by turns,*
*How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,*
*And how to death, for beauty lost, he mourns.*

*Let no nice taste the poet's art arraign,*
*If some frail vicious characters he feign:*
*Who writes, should still let nature be his care,*
*Mix shades with lights, and not paint all things fair,*
*But shew you men and women as they are.*
*With def'rence to the fair, he bade me say,*
*Few to perfection ever found the way:*
*Many in many parts are known t' excel,*
*But 'twere too hard for one to act all well;*
*Whom justly life would through each scene commend,*
*The maid, the wife, the mistress, and the friend;*
*This age, 'tis true, has one great instance seen,*
*And Heav'n, in justice, made that one a queen.*

## Dramatis Personae.

### *DRURY-LANE.*

*Men.*

SCIOLTO, *a nobleman of Genoa* - - - Mr. Aickin.
ALTAMONT, *a young lord, in love with* Calista - - - - - Mr. Barrymore.
HORATIO, *his friend* - - - - Mr. Bensley.
LOTHARIO, *a young lord and enemy to* Altamont - - - - Mr. Palmer.
ROSSANO, *his friend* - - - - Mr. Williames.

*Women.*

CALISTA, *daughter to* Sciolto - - - Mrs. Siddons.
LAVINIA, *sister to* Altamont, *and wife to* Horatio - - - - - Mrs. Ward.
LUCILLA, *confident to* Calista - - Miss Palmer.

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

*Men.*

SCIOLTO, *a nobleman of Genoa* - - Mr. Aickin.
ALTAMONT, *a young lord, in love with* Calista - - - - Mr. Farren.
HORATIO, *his friend* - - - Mr. Harley.
LOTHARIO, *a young lord, and enemy to* Altamont - - - - Mr. Holman.
ROSSANO, *his friend* - - - - Mr. Evatt.

*Women.*

CALISTA, *daughter to* Sciolto - - Miss Brunton.
LAVINIA, *sister to* Altamont, *and wife to* Horatio - - - - Miss Chapman.
LUCILLA, *confident to* Calista - - Miss Stuart.

*Servants to* Sciolto.

SCENE, Sciolto's *palace and garden, with some part of the st near it, in* Genoa.

THE

# *FAIR PENITENT.*

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*A garden belonging to* SCIOLTO'S *palace. Enter* ALTAMONT *and* HORATIO.

*Altamont.*

LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
This happy day, that gives me my Calista.

*Hor.* Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble hand that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes it's bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before nngrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms;
Before that country, which he long had serv'd
In watchful councils, and in winter-camps,
Had cast off his *white age* to want and wretchedness,

And made their court to faction by his ruin.

*Alt.* Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name,
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee——
Forget! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert among brutes,
"To bear the various fury of the seasons,
"The night's unwholsome dew and noon-day's heat,"
To be the scorn of earth and curse of Heav'n!

*Hor.* So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reach'd ev'n me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son;
He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
Indulg'd us in his wealth, bless'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.

*Alt.* By Heav'n he found my fortunes so abandon'd,
That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em:
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a grave.
Undone myself and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.

*Hor.* Yet what thou could'st, thou didst,
*And didst it like a son*; when his hard creditors,

ınd assisted by Lothario's father,
› thy house, and rival of their greatness)
tence of the cruel law forbid
ıerable corpse to rest in earth,
;av'st thyself a ransom for his bones;
iety uncommon didst give up
›peful youth to slaves who ne'er knew mercy,
ınrelenting, money-loving villains,
ıugh at human nature and forgiveness,
·e like fiends, the factors of destruction.
, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
ıde Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
ss thy filial virtue with abundance.
But see he comes, the author of my happiness,
an who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
ids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
.tisfies my soul with love and beauty.

· SCIOLTO; *he runs to* ALTAMONT, *and embraces him.*

Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
this happy morn that makes thee mine;
indly grants what nature had denied me,
akes me father of a son like thee.
My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
ut the fulness of my soul before you;
very tender, every grateful thought,
ond'rous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
tterance all is vile; since I can only
you reign here, but *never* tell how much.
*. It is enough; I know* thee, thou art honest;

" Goodness innate, and worth hereditary
" Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
" Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy youth.
"*Alt.* Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his faint creation,
" And then, with wondrous joy, beheld its beauty,
" Well pleas'd to see the excellence he gave."
*Sci.* O, noble youth! I swear since first I knew thee,
Ev'n from that day of sorrows when I saw thee,
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down, and seal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.
Horatia and Lavinia too are mine; [*Embraces* Hor.
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste
*Alt.* Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The winds with all their wings would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For, Oh, my father!
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.
*Sci.* What means my son?
*Alt.* *When at your* intercession,

Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd, as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tend'rest eloquence of love
I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief:
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

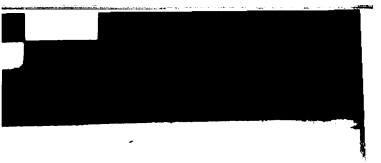
*Sci.* Away! it is the cozenage of their sex;
One of the common arts they practise on us:
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women;
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When blushing, from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegrom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Loth.* The father, and the husband!

*Ros.* Let them pass.
They saw us not.

*Loth.* I care not if they did;
Ere long I *mean to meet* 'em face to face,





And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

*Ros.* You lov'd her once.

*Loth.* I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband:
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
Mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

*Ros.* She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

*Loth.* She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;
Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

*Ros.* I've heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

*Loth.* Hear then, I'll tell thee:
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Gap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.

*Ros.* That minute sure was lucky.

*Loth.* Oh, 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As *peaceful seas that know no storms, and only*

Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardor press'd her,
'Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In ecstacies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

*Ros.* You saw her soon again?

*Loth.* Too soon I saw her:
For, Oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.

*Ros.* What of the lady? 180

*Loth.* With uneasy fondness
he hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
he was undone; talk'd of a priest, and marriage;
flying with me from her father's pow'r;
ll'd every saint, and blessed angel down,
witness for her that she was my wife.
arted at that name.
*os.* What answer made you?
*th.* None; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
p'd the persecution. Two nights since,
essage urg'd *and frequent* importunity,

Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction
With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,
Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend!
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.
*Ros.* How bore she this reply?
*Loth.* "Ev'n as the earth,
"When, winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
"Shaking the mass, she labours with destruction."
At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud,
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud and disdainful of the love I proffer'd.
She call'd me Villain! Monster! Base Betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;
Then bid me fly that minute: I obey'd,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.
*Ros. She has relented* since, else why this messag

To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?

*Loth.* See the person whom you nam'd!

*Enter* LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

*Luc.* Is this well done, my lord? Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, tho' cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

*Loth.* I see thou'st learn't to rail.

*Luc.* I've learnt to weep:
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me:
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario!

*Loth.* Oh, no more!
I swear thou'lt *spoil thy* pretty face with crying,
*And thou hast beauty* that may make thy fortune.

Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshnes
*Luc.* What! shall I sell my innocence and you
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profest betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!
*Loth.* Does she send thee to chide in her beha
I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.
*Luc.* Read there, my lord, there, in her ow
lines, [*Giving a*
Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness give
[Lothario
*Your cruelty—Obedience to my father—Give my h*
*Altamont.*
By Heav'n 'tis well! such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul l
[.
But to go on!
*——Wish——Heart——Honour——too faithles.*
*Weakness——to-morrow——last trouble——lost Ca*
Women, I see, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful wi
For she has giv'n her hand to Altamont:
Yet, tell the fair inconstant——
*Luc. How, my lord!*

*Loth.* Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

*Luc.* Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks:
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And, tho' you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

*Loth.* Ha! who comes here?

*Luc.* The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

*Loth.* Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[Lothario *putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*

*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Rossano *one way*, Lucilla *another.*

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started, and retir'd.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate—What paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Ha! To Lothario!—'s death! Calista's name!

[Opening it.

*Confusion and misfortunes!* [Reads.

'Your cruelty has at length determined me, and I 'have resolv'd this morning to yield a perfect obe- 'dience to my father, and to give my hand to Alta- 'mont, in spite of my weakness for the false Lotha- 'rio. I could almost wish I had that heart, and that 'honour to bestow with it, which you have robb'd 'me of:

Damnation to the rest—— [*Reads again.*

'But, Oh! I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I should again 'be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lo- 'thario. This is the last weakness of my pen, and 'to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge 'my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind 'enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble 'you shall meet with from

'*The lost* Calista.'

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, Oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.—
" Perhaps even now he gazes fondly on her,
" And, thinking soul and body both alike,
" *Blesses the perfect* workmanship of Heav'n;

" Then sighing, to his ev'ry care speaks peace,
" And bids his heart be satisfied with happiness.
" Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
" With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
" Ev'n then her hot imagination wanders,
" Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love;
" And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a monster."

What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought———

*Enter* LAVINIA.

*Lav.* My lord!
Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.
Where are you sick? Is it your head? your heart?
Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Sooth you to rest, and soften all your pains.

*Hor.* It were unjust—No, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

*Lav.* What means my lord?

*Hor.* Ha! *saidst thou, my* Lavinia?

*Lav.* Alas! you know not what you make me suffer.
Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?
Whence is that sigh? and wherefore are your eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his exit.

*Hor.* Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite;
These pangs are of the soul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

*Lav.* Alas! what is it? "Wherefore turn you from me?
"Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
"And swear I was Horatio's better half,
"Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
"And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
"Witness, ye holy pow'rs, who know my truth,
"There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
"Nothing so very hard but I could bear it,
"Much rather than my love should treat me coldly,
"And use me like a stranger to his heart."

*Hor.* Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
*But wherefore,* wherefore should I give thee pain?

Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no further;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

*Lav.* It is enough; chide not, and all is well!
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I wo' not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,
'Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

*Hor.* Oh, never, never, never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.

*Lav.* False ones, my lord!

*Hor.* Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is variety:
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
'Till *having lov'd his hour* out, he gives place,

And mingles with the herd that went before him.

*Lav.* Can there be such, and have they peace of mind?

Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex!
My little heart is satisfied with you;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

*Hor.* Oh, were they all like thee, men would adore 'em,

And all the business of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools. [*Exeunt.*

## *Act II. SCENE I.*

*A Hall. Enter* CALISTA *and* LUCILLA.

*Calista.*

Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
*My solemn sadness* with the sound of joy.

If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent, and black despair;
For, Oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

*Luc.* Why do you follow still that wand'ring fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
" Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
" And faithful as the simple village swain,
" That never knew the courtly vice of changing,"
Sighs at your feet, and woes you to be happy.

*Cal.* Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out, to despair and die in.

*Luc.* Alas, for pity!

*Cal.* There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from *malice*, and from shame;
For *'tis the solemn counsel* of my soul

Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men! Oh, insupportable!

*Luc.* Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, tho' conscious of the danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to see this faithless man again;
Let me forbid his coming.

*Cal.* On thy life
I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burthen; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

*Luc.* Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.

*Cal. I have been* wrong'd enough to arm my temper

Against the smooth delusion; but alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
" *Luc.* Ye sacred pow'rs, whose gracious providence
" Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
" From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flat-
" teries;
" Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
" Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
" That none may think it worth his while to ruin
" me,
" And fatal love may never be my bane." [*Exit.*
*Cal.* Ha, Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
" For from this sacred æra of my love,
" A *better order of succeeding* days

" Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all."
Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the season with auspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

*Cal.* If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

*Alt.* Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair face profan
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear it shall not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me, 10
And kindle into joy.

*Cal.* I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:
Ill-suited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with such ecstacy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

*Alt.* If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent but thee;
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
" *Through ev'ry* season, ev'ry change of life,

" Thro' wrinkled age, thro' sickness and misfortune,"
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy.

*Cal.* 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such, I will remember it for ever.

*Enter* SCIOLTO, HORATIO, *and* LAVINIA.

*Scio.* Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music; let the master touch
The sprightly string, and softly-breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
Begin: ev'n age itself is chear'd with music;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.
[*Music.*

" SONG,

" *BY MR. CONGREVE.*

" *Ah, stay! ah, turn! ah, whither would you fly,*
" *Too charming, too relentless maid?*
" *I follow not to conquer, but to die;*
" *You of the fearful are afraid.*

" *In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,*
" *When press'd by some tempestuous wind,*
" *Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,*
" *Nor casts one pitying look behind.*"

*Sci.* Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh, grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these happy

[*Pointing to* Alt. *and*

Completely blest, and I have life enough;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*E*

*Hor.* What if, while all are here intent on reve
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wanton
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the starts of
That shook her soul; tho' damn'd dissimul
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to publ
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
" Oh, false appearance! What is all our so

"Our boasted pow'r? When they oppose their a
"Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
Nor could believe that such a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretched race. [*Exit.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Street near* SCIOLTO's *Palace. Enter* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Loth.* To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

*Ros.* I wish you, Sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round 'em;
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Will put your life and safety to the hazard.
[*They confer aside.*

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
I knew him *well; he was* sagacious, cunning,

Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold, inactive hand in war;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha! he's here! [*Seeing hi*
*Loth.* Damnation! He again!—This second time
To-day he has cross'd me, like my evil genius.
*Hor.* I sought you, Sir.
*Loth.* 'Tis well then I am found.
*Hor.* 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs r
friend
To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue.
No place, tho' e'er so holy should protect him;
No shape that artful fear e'er form'd should hide hi
'Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.
*Loth.* Ha! dost thou know me, that I am Lothari
As great a name as this proud city boasts of.
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure
*Hor.* The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the ligh
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers
Freely without disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heav'n and men are judges of their actions.
*Loth.* Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a purpc
Which my soul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

*Hor.* Where was this open boldness, this free sp
When but this very morning I surpriz'd thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And, with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue?—
At sight of me thou fled'st.

*Loth.* Ha! fled from thee?

*Hor.* Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer, descry'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest.
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

*Loth.* Slave! villain!

[*Offers to draw*, Rossano *holds him.*

*Ros.* Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

*Loth.* Then since thou dost provoke my vengeance, know
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd?
No! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was *some fit messenger* to bear the news

To the dull doating husband: now I have found him,
And thou art he.
*Hor.* I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this.
Yet mark me well, young lord; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers;
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.
*Loth.* Think'st thou I forg'd the letter? Think so still,
'Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.
*Hor.* Away! no woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
Fit only for yourselves: you herd together;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
" Legends of saints who never yet had being,
" Or being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
" As the fond tales which you recount of love."
*Loth.* *But that I do not* hold it worth my leisure;

I could produce such damning proof——

*Hor.* 'Tis false!
You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would die virgin
And stop the propagation of mankind.

*Loth.* It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.

*Hor.* Hold, Sir; another word, and then farewel.
Tho' I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy pow'r to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.

*Loth.* What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

*Hor.* 'Tis well, Sir, you are pleasant——

*Loth.* By the joys
Which my soul yet has uncontrol'd pursu'd,
Could not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Tho' all thy *force were* arm'd to bar my way;

But like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

*Hor.* What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou should'st dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;
Or something worse: an injur'd husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fair form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heav'n.

*Loth.* Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

*Hor.* Away! thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

*Loth.* Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite;
A beggar's parasite!

*Hor.* Now learn humanity,
[*Offers to strike him,* Rossano *interposes.*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

*Loth.* Damnation! [*They draw.*

*Ros.* Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 'tis too much; already see
The crowd are gath'ring to us.

*Loth.* Oh, Rossano!
Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

*Ros.* Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en th' alarm;
You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence. Tak't on my word,
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord.

*Loth.* This wo'not brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

*Hor.* I'll meet thee there.

*Loth.* To-morrow, Oh, my better stars! to-morrow
Exert your influence; shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love as well as arms, must grace my triumph.

[*Exeunt* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Hor.* Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that
He sees Calista! Oh, unthinking fool———
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd?
Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,

Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your worth can never love you less.
[*Exit.*

## *Act III. SCENE I.*

*An Apartment in* SCIOLTO's *Palace. Enter* SCIOLTO *and* CALISTA.

*Sciolto.*

Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When ev'ry heart was cheer'd and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow; "like some malignant planet,
"Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
"Who scowls adverse, and lours upon the world;
"When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
"Propitious shine, and meaning good to man."
*Cal.* Is then the task of duty half perform'd?
Has not your daughter giv'n herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command?
*Sci.* Dost thou complain?
*Cal.* For pity do not frown then,
If in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance:

For, Oh! that sorrow which has drawn your anger,
Is the sad native of Calista's breast:
" And once possess'd, will never quit its dwelling,
" Till life, the prop of all, shall leave the building,
" To tumble down, and moulder into ruin."

*Sci.* Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother; " by her wond'rous goodness,
" Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,"
I swear, some sullen thought that shuns the light,
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But mark me well, tho' by yon Heav'n I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
Yet should'st thou, (which the pow'rs above forbid)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband!
Consider well his worth; reward his love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.

[*Exit* SCIOLTO.

*Cal.* How hard is the condition of our sex,
Thro' ev'ry state of life the slaves of man!
In all the dear delightful days of youth
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestic bus'ness and devotion

All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloister'd ideots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* She's here! yet, Oh! my tongue is at a loss.
Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.
By Heav'n she weeps!——Forgive me, fair Calista,
If I presume on privilege of friendship,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.

*Cal.* To steal, unlook'd for, on my private sorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the spy.

*Hor.* Unkindly said!
For, Oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

*Cal.* You are my husband's friend, the friend o
Altamont!

*Hor.* Are you not one? Are you not join'd b
Heaven,
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mixt like streams of meeting rivers,
*Whose blended* waters are no more distinguish'd,

But roll into the sea, one common flood?
Then who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

*Cal.* Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back to their own choice.
" So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
" Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
" To the dear native land from whence he came.

*Hor.* When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.

*Cal.* Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
Alas! what needed that?

*Hor.* Oh! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy;
To sooth the secret anguish of her soul;
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

*Cal.* Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way to it,
For, Oh! 'tis sure I long to be at rest.

*Hor.* Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.

Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind
With whips and stings. The blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

*Cal.* And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

*Hor.* None should; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

*Cal.* What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.

*Hor.* Lothario!

*Cal.* Ha! what would'st thou mean by him?

*Hor.* Lothario and Calista! thus they join
Two names, which Heav'n decreed should never meet.
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

*Cal.* Death and confusion! Have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature,
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy.

*Hor.* By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much;
For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Your's and Sciolto's, your's and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile;
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.
*Cal.* Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
Is this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?
*Hor.* Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame
Or peace be with your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst Lothario more;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution———
*Cal.* Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd slave!
That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,

And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sound!

*Hor.* Here kneel, and in the awful face of Heav'n
Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
This paper; nay, you must not fly—This paper,
[*Holding her.*
This guilty paper shall divulge your shame——

*Cal.* What mean'st thou by that paper? What contrivance
Hast thou been forging to deceive my father;
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakness of my sex.——Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand
That forg'd the scroll!

*Hor.* Behold! Can this be forg'd?
See where Calista's name—— [*Shewing the letter near.*

*Cal.* To atoms thus, [*Tearing it.*
Thus let me tear the vile, detested falshood,
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

*Hor.* Confusion!

*Cal.* Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes.
" The wish, and care, and business of my youth?
" Oh, let me find her, snatch her to my breast,
" And tell her she delays my bliss too long,
" Till my soft soul ev'n sickens with desire."
Disorder'd!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

*Cal.* Turn to him.

*Alt.* Horatio!

*Cal.* To that insolent.

*Alt.* My friend!
Could he do this? He, who was half myself?
" One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
" Guided our wills. Have I not found him just,
" Honest as truth itself? And" could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

*Cal.* I thought what justice I should find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blast my fame,
And treat me like a common prostitute.
Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
And *wilt believe the legend,* if he tells it.

*Ant.* Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

*Cal.* The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio;
Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.
But mark me well; while thy divided heart,
Doats on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more
Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r:
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that ty man. [*Exit* Cal

*Alt.* She's gone; and, as she went, ten thousand
Shot from her angry eyes; as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks;
As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
Madness and reason combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which should get the be

*Hor.* I would be dumb for ever; but thy fate
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen
*That idol of thy soul,* that fair Calista

Thou hast beheld her tears.
*Alt.* I have seen her weep;
I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
That thou, my friend, Horatio, thou hast wrong'd h
*Hor.* That I have wrong'd her! had her eyes b
fed
From that rich stream which warms her heart, a
number'd
For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.
*Alt.* Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
"Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
"Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour
"The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure
"And everlasting joys are in her arms."
*Hor.* It had been better thou had'st liv'd a begga
And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.—
*Alt.* It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.
*Hor.* I see she has got possession of thy heart;
She has charm'd thee, like a syren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:

Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
Then vainly wish thou had'st not left thy friend,
To follow her delusion.

*Alt.* If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.

*Hor.* Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to thee?
I shar'd the task of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, Oh, thou light young man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed us;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: wou'd he have left me
Thus, for a woman, and a vile one, too?

*Alt.* Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it! Speak again,
Say, who is vile; but dare not name Calista.

*Hor.* I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myself; but since thus urg'd,
I must avow, I do not know a viler.

*Alt.* Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee well;
" A kind of venerable mark of him
" Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance."
*I cannot, dare not lift* my sword against thee,

But henceforth never let me see thee more. [*Going out.*

*Hor.* I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*

*Alt.* Let go my arm.

*Hor.* If honour be thy care, if thou would'st live
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison———

*Alt.* Off!
To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

*Hor.* She is polluted, stain'd——

*Alt.* Madness and raging!
But hence—

*Hor.* Dishonour'd by the man you hate———

*Alt.* I pr'ythee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth the keeping——

*Hor.* By Lothario.

*Alt.* Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood!
[*Strikes him.*
Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

*Hor.* A blow! thou hast us'd me well—— [*Draws.*

*Alt.* This to thy heart——

*Hor.* Yet hold—By Heav'n his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness
And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

*Alt.* Defend thyself; for by my much wrong'd love,
I swear, *the poor evasion shall* not save thee.

*Hor.* Yet hold—" thou know'st I dare—think how
we've liv'd——

[*They fight*; Altamont *presses on* Horatio, *who retires.*

" Nay then, 'tis brutal violence; and thus,
" Thus Nature bids me guard the life she gave.
" [*They fight.*"

LAVINIA *enters, and runs between their swords.*

*Lav.* My brother, my Horatio! Is it possible!
Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.
If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

*Alt.* 'Tis well thou hast found a safe-guard; none
but this,
No pow'r on earth could save thee from my fury.

" *Lav.* O fatal, deadly sound!"

*Hor.* Safety from thee!
Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the rev'rence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shew'd thee what it was to be a man?

*Lav.* What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to good-
ness,
Could kindle such a discord? " Oh, lay by
" Those most ungentle looks, and angry weapons,
" Unless you mean my griefs and killing fears
" Should stretch me out at your relentless feet,
" A wretched corse, the victim of your fury."

*Hor.* Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude,
'Twas such a sin to friendship, as Heav'n's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,
Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barb'rous, bloody malice, sought my life.

*Alt.* Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;
Therefore, thy husband's life is safe: but warn him,
No more to know this hospitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.
We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewel.

[*He is going out,* Lavinia *holds him.*

*Lav.* Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay; "if ever
"Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,
"The kind consent of our agreeing minds,
"Have made us dear to one another, stay,
"And speak one gentle word to your Horatio.
"Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
"To call you friend, then press you hard, with all
"The tender, speechless joy of reconcilement."

*Alt.* It cannot, shall not be—you must not hold me.

*Lav.* Look kindly, then.

*Alt.* Each minute that I stay,
Is a new injury to fair Calista.
From thy false friendship, to her arms I'll fly;
"There, if in any pause of love I rest,
"*Breathless with bliss,* upon her panting breast,

" In broken, melting accents, I will swear,
" Henceforth to trust my heart with none but her;"
Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.
[Altamont *breaks from* Lavinia, *and exit.*
*Hor.* Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.
It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,
This wond'rous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.
*Lav.* Is there not cause for weeping? Oh, Horatio!
A brother and a husband were my treasure,
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me;
If thou should'st prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?
*Hor.* Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complainings?
Tho' Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.
" Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of goodness,
" And made thee all my portion here on earth:
" It gave thee to me, as a large amends
" For fortune, friends, and all the world beside."
*Lav.* Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
*And hide me from* misfortune in your bosom.

" Here end my cares, nor will I lose one thought,
" How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment.
" The holy Pow'r, who cloaths the senseless earth,
" With woods, with fruits, with flow'rs, and verdant grass,
" Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
" Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us."

*Hor.* From Genoa, from falshood and inconstancy,
To some more honest, distant clime we'll go.
Nor will I be beholden to my country,
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.

" *Lav.* Yes, I will follow thee; forsake, for thee,
" My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have.
" Tho' mine's a little all; yet were it more,
" And better far, it should be left for thee,
" And all that I would keep, should be Horatio.
" So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
" Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coast,
" Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give;
" And only wishes to escape, and live:
" Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind;
" But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,
" Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*A Garden. Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Altamont.*

" WITH what unequal tempers are we form'd?
" One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
" Revels secure, and fondly tells herself
" The hour of evil can return no more;
" The next, the spirits, pall'd and sick of riot,
" Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,
" Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
" And bitterness and anguish. Oh, last night!
" What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
" For all the mass of friendship which I squander'd?
" Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
" Dash'd all my bliss, and damp'd my bridal bed.
" Soon as the morning dawn'd, she vanish'd from me,
" Relentless to the gentle call of love.
" I've lost a friend, and I have gain'd——a wife!
" Turn not to thought, my brain; but let me find
" Some unfrequented shade; there lay me down,
" And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
" To soften and assuage this pain of thinking. [*Exit.*

LOTHARIO *and* CALISTA *discovered.*

*Loth.* *Weep not,* my fair; but let the God of Love
*Laugh in thy eyes,* and revel in thy heart,

Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

*Cal.* Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou can'st no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

*Loth.* Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?
To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—

*Cal.* Oh, let me hear no more; I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
" Let not the voice of mirth or music know it;
" Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
" To glitter o'er it; let it wish for light,
" Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn;"
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

*Loth.* Hear this, ye pow'rs! mark, how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.—

*Cal:* Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause? 61
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

*Loth.* How have I fail'd in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

*Cal.* How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
*To be a wretched* wanton for thy leisure,

To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.
*Loth.* The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doom'd,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

*Enter behind them* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* "I have lost my peace"—Ha! do I live and wake?
*Cal.* Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,
My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me;
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me:
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs——
*Alt.* Behold him here— [*Coming forward.*
*Cal.* Ah! [*Starting.*
*Alt.* The wretch! whom thou hast made.
Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left. [*Drawing.*
*Loth.* Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis true:
But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to *both, and arm'd for* either field.

We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair Calista judge the combat!

*Cal.* Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and death!

"*Alt.* Thou hast talk'd too much, thy breath is poison to me;
" It taints the ambient air; this for my father,
" This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont."

[*They fight*; Lothario *is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

*Loth.* Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. [*Dies.*

*Cal.* And what remains for me, beset with shame,
Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

[*She catches up* Lothario's *sword, and offers to kill herself*; Altamont *runs to her, and wrests it from her.*

*Alt.* What means thy frantic rage!

*Cal.* Off! let me go.

*Alt.* Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet still,
Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
*At thought of any* danger that may reach thee.

*Cal.* Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'n?
Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou had'st never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

*Sciolto within.*] What, ho! my son!

" *Alt.* It is Sciolto calls; come near and find me;
" The wretched'st thing of all my kind on earth."

*Cal.* Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

*Enter* SCIOLTO.

*Sci.* Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden wall——
Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou had'st a diff'rence with thy friend,
The cause thou gav'st me was a damn'd one.
Did'st thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
Answer me quick——

*Alt.* Oh! press me not to speak;
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
And guess my shame: my ruin! Oh, Calista!

*Sci. It is enough! but I* am slow to execute,

And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness—
[*Offers to kill* Calista, Altamont *holds him.*

*Alt.* Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista:
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

*Cal.* No, Altamont; my heart that scorn'd thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow:
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

*Alt.* Listen not to the wildness of her raving;
Remember nature! Should thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.

*Cal.* Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much
And yet behold him pleading for my life!
Lost as thou art to virtue, Oh, Calista!
I think thou can'st not bear to be outdone;
*Then haste to die,* and be oblig'd no more.

Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
ıav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
›nour have I kept thee ever sacred,
rill I stain thee with a rash revenge.
ıark me well, I will have justice done;
not to bear away thy crimes unpunished:
see justice executed on thee,
to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,
ıatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
ll; thy tender strugglings are in vain.
. Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your triumph?
roan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraiding,
to be reproach'd, and have my misery
orn, at noon, at night told over to me,
st my remembrance might grow pitiful,
ıd grant a moment's interval of peace;"
s, is this the mercy of a father?
y beg to die, and he denies me.
. Hence, from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee;
'ith thy infamy to some dark cell,
re, on the confines of eternal night,
rning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
re ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
death and hell detested rule maintain;
e howl out the remainder of thy life,
wish thy name may be no more remember'd.
!. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
be *more curs'd than* you can wish I were;

This fatal form that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.
[*Exit* Calista

*Sci.* Who of my servants wait there?

*Enter two or three Servants.*

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.
[*Exeunt Servants, with* Lothario's *body*

*Alt.* There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
" My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
" Ev'n now my easy heart is breaking with 'em;
" Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most;"
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

*Sci.* Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did?
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
*He slew her, yet* unspotted, to prevent

The shame which she might know. Then what should
I do?
But thou hast ty'd my hand.——I wo' not kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She shall not 'scape.

*Alt.* You mean that she shall die then?

*Sci.* Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh, Altamont! What a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd? Well did I hope
This daughter would have blest my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good that none were like you.
While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours:
There, like an old man, talk'd a-while, and then
Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave——
"Oh, damn her! damn her!"

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Arm yourself, my lord:
Rossano, who but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety. [*Exit.*

*Sci.* By Heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall *misfortune know* my house alone,

But thou, Lothario, and thy race shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full, and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice.—

[*Exit* Sciolto.

" *Alt.* There is a stupid weight upon my senses;
" A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
" The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
" After the tumult and the noise of life.
" Would it were death, as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,
" For I am sick of living; my soul's pall'd,
" She kindles not with anger or revenge:
" Love was th' informing, active fire within:
" Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
" And longs to mingle with its kindred earth."

[*A tumultuous noise, with clashing of swords, as at a little distance.*

*Enter* Lavinia, *with two Servants, their swords drawn.*

*Lav.* Fly, swiftly fly; to my Horatio's aid,
Nor lose your vain officious cares on me;
Bring me my lord, my husband, to my arms;
He is Lavinia's life; bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well and happy.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

*Alt.* *Art thou* Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous hand

Could wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?
*Lav.* My brother! Oh, my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear Horatio bleeds.—
Not far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cry'd aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the fray.
*Alt.* What of my friend? 301
*Lav.* Ha! by my joys, 'tis he! [*Looking out*.
He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe!——

*Enter* HORATIO, *with two or three Servants, their swords drawn.*

1*st Ser.* 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your life
To venture forth again, till we are stronger:
Their number trebles ours.
*Hor.* No matter, let it;
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abus'd,
As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the sight.
*Alt.* Open, thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
To *hide me from Horatio.*

*Hor.* Oh, Lavinia!
Believe not but I joy to see thee safe:
Would our ill-fortune had not drove us hither:
I could ev'n wish we rather had been wreck'd
On any other shore, than sav'd on this.
*Lav.* Oh, let us bless the mercy that preserv'd us,
That gracious pow'r that sav'd us for each other:
And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too; be thou like Heav'n,
And put away th' offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.
" *Alt.* I have mark'd him,
" To see if one forgiving glance stole hither;
" If any spark of friendship were alive,
" That would by sympathy at meeting glow,
" And strive to kindle up the flame a-new;
" 'Tis lost, 'tis gone; his soul is quite estrang'd,
" And knows me for its counterpart no more.
" *Hor.* Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in Horatio;
" Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
" Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge;
" But when you urge my temper to comply
" With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.
" *Lav.* Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy hate?
" It was not in thy nature to be thus;
" Come, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful,
" Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
" *The trust, security,* and mutual tenderness,

" The double joys, where each is glad for both;
" Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
" Secure against ill fortune, and the world."

*Hor.* I am not apt to take a light offence.
But patient of the failings of my friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an injury
Stabs to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
I own, I cannot easily forgive it.

*Alt.* Thou hast forgot me.

*Hor.* No.

*Alt.* Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful, and fierce?

*Hor.* Because they speak the meaning of my heart;
Because they're honest, and disdain a villain.

*Alt.* I've wrong'd thee much, Horatio.

*Hor.* True, thou hast.
When I forget it, may I be a wretch,
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, British husband.

*Alt.* I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well aveng'd it.
I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere; " our broken friendship
" Pursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
" Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with horror.
" Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,
" Swell o'er my head like waves, and dash me down,
" Sorrow, *remorse*, and shame, have torn my soul

" They hang, like winter, on my youthful ho
" And blast the spring and promise of my yea
*Lav.* " So flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a g
" To lose their freshness amongst bones and rott
" And have their odours stifled in the dust."
Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio
Canst thou behold thy Altamont undone?
" That gentle, that dear youth! canst thou
him,"
His poor heart broken, death in his pale visag
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmov'
*Hor.* The brave and wise I pity in misfortur
But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
'Tis weakness to be touch'd.
*Alt.* I wo'not ask thee
To pity or forgive me; but confess,
This scorn, this insolence of hate, is just;
'Tis constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But, Oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, Horati
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Cou'd ne'er have stood it out; but I had ran,
With streaming eyes, and open arms, upon the
And press'd thee close, close!
*Hor.* I must hear no more,
Thy weakness is contagious; I shall catch it,
And be a tame, fond wretch.
*Lav.* Where would'st thou go?
Would'st thou part thus? you shall not, 'tis impo
For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus
Perhaps thy cruel hand may spurn me off,

But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me, ere thou pass.
*Alt.* Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia,
I have enough to rid me of my pain.
Calista, thou hadst reach'd my heart before;
To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:
But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease. [*Falls.*
[Lavinia *runs to him, and endeavors to raise him.*
" *Lav.* Speak to me, Altamont.
" He faints! he dies! Now, turn and see thy triumph!
" My brother! But our cares shall end together;
" Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,
" Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
" And never see my cruel lord again."
[Horatio *runs to* Altamont, *and raises him in his arms.*
*Hor.* It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!
My stubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.
" Look up and bless me; tell me that thou liv'st.
" Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleness too far;
[*He revives.*
" Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;
A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul;
I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—
*Alt.* I thought that nothing cou'd have stay'd my soul;
That long ere this her flight had reach'd the stars;

But thy known voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks, I fain wou'd set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heaven's forgiveness on my soul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.

*Hor.* By heav'n, my heart bleeds for thee; e'n this moment,
I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
" Is it not pity that this youth should fall,
" That all his wond'rous goodness should be lost,
" And the world never know it? Oh, my Altamont!"
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
And shelter thee from ruin.

*Lav.* Oh, my brother,
Think not but we will share in all thy woes;
We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love:
And when we light upon some faithless woman,
Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there;
We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone.

[*Exeu*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room hung with Black; on one side* Lothario's *Body on a Bier; on the other a Table, with a Scull and other Bones, a Book and a Lamp on it.*

Calista *is discovered on a Couch, in Black; her Hair hanging loose and disordered. After soft Music, she rises and comes forward.*

"SONG.

"*HEAR, you midnight phantoms, hear,*
"*You who pale and wan appear,*
"*And fill the wretch who wakes with fear;*
"*You, who wander, scream and groan*
"*Round the mansions once your own;*
"*You, who still your crimes upbraid;*
"*You who rest not with the dead;*
"*From the coverts where you stray,*
"*Where you lurk and shun the day,*
"*From the charnel and the tomb,*
"*Hither haste ye, hither come.*

"*Chide Calista for delay,*
"*Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;*
"*Bid her die and come away.*
"*See the sexton with his spade,*
"*See the grave already made;*
"*Listen, fair one, to thy knell,*
"*This music is thy passing bell.*"

*Cal.* 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.
Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness;
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something;—for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence.—Is it become an art, then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more o'nt;
[*Throwing away the book.*
I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry;—they look uncouthly,
But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relicts play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay, Lothario,
That dear perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eye
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if you can.

*Enter* SCIOLTO.

*Sci.* This dead of night, this silent hour of
*ness,*

Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
" The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
" Want pow'r to succour the afflicted state.
" Vainly in words and long debates they're wise,
" While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful orders,
" And drown the voice of law in noise and anarchy."
Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
[*Pointing to* Calista.
Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

*Cal.* It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.

*Sci.* Thou wert once
My daughter.

*Cal.* Happy were it I had dy'd,
And never lost that name.

*Sci.* That's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me?

*Cal.* Because *my* soul was rudely drawn from yours,

A poor imperfect copy of my father,
" Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
" Was thinly planted, and the idle void
" Fill'd up with light belief, and easy fondness;"
It was, because I lov'd, and was a woman.
*Sci.* Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?
*Cal.* I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.
*Sci.* Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the stoick's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?
*Cal.* I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.
*Sci.* 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Ror
Was mistress of the world. I wou'd go on,
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.
*Cal.* Then spare the telling, if it be a pain
*And write the meaning with your poignard h*

*Sci.* Oh! truly guess'd—see'st thou, this trembling hand— [*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice justice urg'd—and thrice the slack'ning sinews
Forgot their office, and confess'd the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd,
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the dagger.*
And know the rest untaught.

*Cal.* I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.
[*She offers to kill herself:* Sciolto *catches hold of her arm.*

*Sci.* A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

*Cal.* Ha! is it possible; and is there yet
Some little dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

*Sci.* Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wond'ring, blest thee;
By my strong *grief*, my heart ev'n melts within me;

I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still.
*Cal.* For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.
*Sci.* Would it were otherwise—but thou must die.—
*Cal.* That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
"Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,
"Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down."
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.
*Sci.* I'm summon'd hence; ere this my friend
pect me.
There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewel,
And these the parting pangs, which nature
When anguish rends the heart-strings—
daughter!
*Cal. Now think*, thou curst Calista, no

The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;
Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak, imperfect nature,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and pray'r:
Cheap recompence! here 'twould not be receiv'd,
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollution.
And see, another injur'd wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

*Cal.* I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont;
Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know, I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

*Alt.* Falsely, falsely

Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? "For thee I have
"Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
"And fondness has prevail'd upon revenge."
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
"As holy men do punishment from Heav'n;"
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

*Cal.* Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, Oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love;
"Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,"
That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd for ages bless'd,
And dy'd in peace within thy faithful arms.

*Alt.* Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.

*Cal.* What! in death?

*Alt.* Then, art thou fix'd to die?——But be it
We'll go together; my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee "to those uncertain beings.
"Whether our lifeless shades are doom'd to w
"*In gloomy groves*, with discontented ghosts

" Or whether thro' the upper air we fleet,
" And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue thee,"
'Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

*Cal.* Oh, no! Heav'n has some other better lot in store
To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long;
Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind, unpractis'd heart, that never yet
Has listen'd to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth;
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Now, mourn indeed, ye miserable pair;
For now the measure of your woes is full.

*Alt.* What dost thou mean, Horatio?

*Hor.* Oh, 'tis dreadful!
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

*Cal.* My father!

*Alt.* That's a deadly stroke, indeed.

*Hor.* Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd him;
But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd
*The death he seem'd* to wish for from their swords.

And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient
earth?
hou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
you, ye glitt'ring, heav'nly host of stars,
your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
d nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
is parricide shall be thy plague no more;
nus, thus I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*

*Hor.* Oh, fatal rashness!

*Alt.* Thou dost instruct me well. To lengthen life,
is but to trifle now.
[Altamont *offers to kill himself*; Horatio *prevents him, and wrests his sword from him.*

*Hor.* Ha! what means
The frantic Altamont? Some foe to man
Has breath'd on ev'ry breast contagious fury,
And epidemic madness.

*Enter* SCIOLTO, *pale and bloody, supported by servan*

*Cal.* Oh, my heart!
Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wou
Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode?

*Sci.* Alas, my daughter!

FAIR PENITENT.

MISS BRUNTON as CALISTA.

And you ye glittering heavenly hosts of Stars,
Hide your fair heads in Clouds or I shall blast you.

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, March 1, 1778.

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Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and los
But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pain. Then, rest in peace:
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with Heav'n the same forgiv
ness,
As with thy father here.——Die, and be happy.

*Cal.* Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my so
And ev'ry pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me——Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both——Now, 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object——Mercy, Heav'n
[*She di*

*Alt.* Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art nc
chang'd,
But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe, 2
But at that beauty must of force relented,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?

*Sci.* Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Al
mont,
Come near, and let me bless thee, ere I die.
To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
My fortunes——Lay me by thy noble father,
And *love my memory*, as thou hast his;

For thou hast been my son—Oh, gracious Heav'n!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;
But multiply thy mercies on his head.
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways—— [*He dies.*

*Alt.* Take, take it all:
To thee, Horatio, I resign the gift,
While I pursue my father, and my love,
And find my only portion in the grave.

*Hor.* The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him, like a drooping flower to earth.
By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide,
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride.
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

*'OU see the tripping dame could find no favour;*
*)early she paid for breach of good behaviour;*
*lor could her loving husband's fondness save her.*
*'alian ladies lead but scurvy lives,*
*'here's dreadful dealings with eloping wives:*
*'hus 'tis, because these husbands are obey'd*
*)y force of laws, which for themselves they made.*
*Vith tales of old prescriptions, they confine*
*'he right of marriage-rules to their male line,*
*ind huff, and domineer by right divine.*
*lad we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know,*
*Vhat 'tis to fail in duties which they owe;*
*Ve'd teach the saunt'ring squire, who loves to roam,*
*'orgetful of his own dear spouse at home;*
*Vho snores, at night, supinely by her side;*
*'was not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.*
*'he plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,*
*lave learn'd, at least, this modern way of wit.*
*:ach ill-bred, senseless rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,*
*las th' impudence to think his wife a fool;*
*'e spends the night, where merry wags resort,*
*Vith joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port;*
*Vhile she, poor soul, 's contented to regale,*
*)y a sad sea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.*

## EPILOGUE.

*Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,*
*And fill an absent husband's empty place.*
*If you wou'd e'er bring constancy in fashion,*
*You men must first begin the reformation.*
*Then shall the golden age of love return,*
*No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn;*
*No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,*
*But every married man shall toast his wife;*
*Phillis shall not be to the country sent,*
*For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent;*
*Lampoons shall cease, and envious scandal die,*
*And all shall live in peace, like my good man and I.*

# *DOUGLAS.*

A

## TRAGEDY.

BY JOHN HOME.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
*By Permission of the Managers.*

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,
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M DCC XCI.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

*GEORGE*

PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

*IN Dedications, especially those which Poets write, Mankind expect to find little Sentiment, and less Truth. A grateful Imagination adorns its Benefactor with every Virtue, and even flatters with Sincerity. Hence the Portrait of each Patron of the Muses is drawn with the same Outline, and finished as a Model of Perfection. Instructed by the Errors of others, I presume not to make the Panegyrick of the Prince of* WALES, *nor to extol the Patronage of Literature as the most shining Quality of a Prince. Your Royal Highness will permit me to mention one sort of Patronage which can never be praised too much; that, I mean, which extending its Influence to the whole Society, forms and excites the Genius of Individuals by exalting the Spirit of the State.*

*Institutions, that revive, in a great and highly civilized People those Virtues of Courage, Manhood, and Love of their Country, which are most apt, in the Progress of Refinement, to decay, produce at the same*

*time that pleasing and ornamental Genius, which cannot subsist in a Mind that does not partake of those Qualities which it describes. This is an Observation which has escaped the Notice of the greater Part of Writers, who have inquired into the Causes of the Growth and Decay of Poetry and Eloquence; but it has not escaped the Penetration of* LONGINUS, *who writing in the Decline of the* ROMAN *Empire, and lamenting that the true Sublime was not to be found in the Works of his Time, boldly imputes that Defect to the Change of Policy; and enumerates with Indignation the Vices of Avarice, Effeminacy, and Pusillanimity, which, arising from the Loss of Liberty, had so enthralled and debased the Minds of Men, that they could not look up, as he calls it, to any thing elevated and sublime: And here, as in other Questions, the great Critic quotes the Authority of his Master* HOMER. The Day of Slavery bereaves a Man of half his Virtue. *The Experience of succeeding Times has shewn that Genius is affected by Changes less violent than the Loss of Liberty; that it ever flourishes in Times of Vigour and Enterprize, and languishes amidst the sure Corruption of an inactive Age.*

*Your Royal Highness, as Heir Apparent of the* British *Empire, hath in view the noblest Field that ever a laudable Ambition entered. The envied State of this Nation cannot remain precisely as it is; the*

*le must flow, or ebb faster than it has ever flowed. Prince destined in such a Period to reign, begins a morable Era of Perfection or Degeneracy. The ious Cares and princely Studies of your Youth, visible Tenor of your generous and constant nd, have filled the Breasts of all good Men with ɔes of you equal to their Wishes. That these pes may be fulfilled in their utmost Extent, is the cere and ardent Prayer of*

*Your Royal Highness's*

*Most humble*

*Most obedient,*

*And most devoted Servant,*

*JOHN HOME.*

# JOHN HOME.

HE Author of the Tragedy of *Douglas* was origi-
lly designed for the Ministry---The *Biographia*
marks, that looking upon Tragedy as a Moral
oem, inculcating the purest principles of Reli-
gion, he did not imagine the purest principles of
tion of his life as at all exempting him from thus
indulging in the strong bent of Genius:—He ac-
cordingly composed the Tragedy of Douglas.

The Kirk of Scotland however, conscientiousl
no doubt, endeavoured to win over this stray chi
from presumed perdition, and finding him re
lutely bent upon standing the hazard of the
they charitably persecuted not merely himself,
those who encouraged our young Bard.

If he bore up against all this inveterate v
he had the success of his piece to console h
what he might lose, and what was certainl
still for HOME, the attention of the Earl o
who, like a true *Mæcenas*, introduced hi

knowledge of his AUGUSTUS, our present gracious SOVEREIGN, then Prince of Wales: this assured Mr. HOME the comforts of a *pension*, and we believe a *place*.——He "has kept the noiseless "tenour of his way," known only to his Friends and to the Muses.

*The following are his Dramas:*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 DOUGLAS, *printed* | 1757 | 4 FATAL DISCOVERY | 1769 |
| 2 AGIS - - | 1758 | 5 ALONZA - - | 1773 |
| 3 SIEGE OF AQUILEIA | 1760 | 6 ALFRED - - | 1778 |

# DOUGLAS.

MR. GRAY offers an opinion upon this tragedy so consonant with that of the present writer, that he claims permission to cite it, as, poetically, an authority perhaps the *highest*. "I am greatly struck with "the tragedy of Douglas, though it has infinite faults: "the author seems to have retrieved the true lan- "guage of the stage, which had been lost for these "hundred years; and there is one scene between Ma- "tilda and the old peasant so masterly, that it strikes "me blind to all the defects in the world."

This tragedy abounds in nervous picturesque and pathetic writing; the chief incidents are extracted from an ancient Scottish Ballad, entitled CHILD MAURICE.—To supply curiosity with a reference at hand, it is here printed correctly :—

## *CHILD MAURICE.*

CHILD MAURICE was an erle's son
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But for his dame, a lady gay
*Wha* livd on Carron side.

' Whar sall I get a bonny boy
' That will win hose and shoen,
' That will gae to lord Barnard's ha,
' And bid his lady come?

' And ye maun rin errand Willie,
' And ye maun rin wi speid;
' When ither boys gang on their feet
' Ye sall ha prancing steid.'

" O no! oh no! my master deir!
" I dar na for my life;
" I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
" For to triest furth his wife."

' My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
' My deir Willie, he said,
' How can ye strive against the streim?
' For I sall be obey'd.'

" But O my master deir! he eryd,
" In grenewode ye're your lane:
" Gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red,
" For feir ye sold be tane."

' Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
' Bid her come here wi speid;
' If ye refuse my hie command,
' I'll gar your body bleid.

' Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
' Tis a gowd bot the hem;
' Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
' Ein by hersel alane:

' And there it *is*, a silken sark,
' Her ain hand sewd the sleive;
' And bid her come to Child Maurice;
' Speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

" Yes I will gae your black errand,
" Thouch it be to your cost;
" Sen ye will nae be warnd by me,
" In it ye sall find frost.

" The baron he's a man o micht,
" He neir could bide to taunt:
" And ye will see before its nicht,
" Sma cause ye ha to vaunt.

" And sen I maun your errand rin,
" Sae sair against my will,
" I'se mak a vow, and keip it trow,
" It sall be done for ill."

Whan he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and swam;
And whan he came to grass growing,
Sat down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnard's yeat,
Wold neither chap nor ca,
But set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand
Thoch he stude at the yeat;
But streight into the ha he cam,
Whar they were set at meat.

'Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
'My message winna wait,
'Dame, ye maun to the grenewode gae,
'Afore that it be late.

'Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a gowd bot the hem:
'Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,
'Ein by yoursel alane.

'And there it is, a silken sark,
'Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
'Yg maun gae speik to Child Maurice;
'Speir nae bauld baron's leive."

The lady stamped wi her foot,
And winked wi her eie;
But a that she cold say or do,
Forbidden he wald nae be.

"It's surely to my bower-woman,
"It neir cold be to me."
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
'I trow that ye be shee.'

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knie,)
"If it be cum from Child Maurice
"It's deir welcum to me."

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
'Sae loud as I heir ye lie;
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady
'I trow ye be nae shee.'

Then up and spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he:
He has tane the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knie,
Till crystal cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gard flie.

"Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
"Wi a the haste ye can,
"And I'll gae to the gude grenewode,
"And speik wi your leman."

'O bide at hame now lord Barnard!
'I ward ye bide at hame;
'Neir wyte a man for violence,
'Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.'

Child Maurice sat in the grenewode,
He whistled and he sang:
"O what meins a the folk coming?
"My mother tarries lang."

The baron to the grenewode cam,
Wi meikle dule and care;
And there he first spyd Child Maurice,
Kaming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
'My lady loes thee weil:
'The fairest part of my body
'Is blacker than thy heil.

'Yet neir the less now, Child Maurice,
'For a thy great bewtie,

'Ye'se rew the day ye eir was born;
'That head sall gae wi me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaided owr the strae;
And throuch Child Maurice fair body
He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,
And set it on a speir;
The meinest man in a his train,
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
Laid him across his steid;
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Child Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

"Better I loe that bluidy heid,
"Bot and that yellow hair,
"Than lord Barnard and a his lands
"As they lig here and there."

And she has tane Child Maurice heid,
And kissed baith cheik and chin;
"I was anes fow of Child Maurice
"As the hip is o the stane.

"I gat ye in my father's house
"Wi meikle sin and shame;

" I brocht ye up in the grenewode
" Ken'd to mysel alane:

" Aft have I by thy craddle sitten,
" And fondly sein thee sleip;
" But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
" A mother's teirs to weip."

Again she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin;
" O better I looed my son Maurice,
" Than a my kyth and kin!"

' Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
' An ill dethe may ye die!
' Gin I had ken'd he was your son
' He had neir bein slayne by me.'

" Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
" Obraid me not for shame!
" Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,
" And save me frae my pain!

" Since naething but Child Maurice heid
" Thy jealous rage cold quell
" Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
" That neir to thee did ill.

" To me nae after days nor nichts
" Will eir be saft or kind:
" I'll fill the air with heavy sichs,
" And greit till I be blind."

' Eneuch of bluid by me's been spilt,
' Seek not your dethe frae me;

'I'd rather far it had been mysel,
'Than either him or thee.

'Wi hopeless wae I hear your plaint,
'Sair, sair, I rue the deid.—
'That eir this cursed hand of mine
'Sold gar his body bleid!

'Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
'They neir can heal the wound;
'Ye see his heid upon the speir,
'His heart's bluid on the ground.

'I curse the hand that did the deid,
'The heart that thocht the ill,
'The feet that bare me wi sic speid,
'The comely youth to kill.

'I'll aye lament for Child Maurice
'As gin he war my ain;
'I'll neir forget the dreiry day
'On which the youth was slain.'

# PROLOGUE.

*In antient times, when* Britain's *trade was arms,*
*And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms;*
*A godlike race sustain'd fair* England's *fame:*
*Who has not heard of gallant* Piercy's *name?*
*Ay, and of* Douglas? *Such illustrious foes*
*In rival* Rome *and* Carthage *never rose!*
*From age to age bright shone the* British *fire,*
*And every hero was a hero's sire.*
*When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,*
*Up sprung the phœnix from his parent's tomb.*
*But whilst those generous rivals fought and fell,*
*Those generous rivals lov'd each other well:*
*Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,*
*Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.*
*When* Piercy *wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,*
*Fast came the* Douglas *with his* Scottish *spears;*
*And, when proud* Douglas *made his King his foe,*
*For* Douglas, Piercy *bent his* English *bow.*
*Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,*
*They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:*
*Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,*
*For him whose arms had shook its firmest tow'r.*

*ight a* DOUGLAS *your protection claims;*
*'e! a mother! Pity's softest names:*
*'ory of her woes indulgent hear,*
*'rant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.*
*fidence she begs; and hopes to find*
English *breast, like noble* PIERCY's, *kind.*

# PROLOGUE.

## *SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.*

*IN days of classic fame, when* Persia's *Lord*
*Oppos'd his millions to the* Grecian *sword,*
*Flourish'd the state of* Athens, *small her store,*
*Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,*
*Like* Caledonia's*: yet she gain'd a name*
*That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.*
*Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,*
*(For who than* Sparta's *dauntless sons more brave*
*But learning, and the love of every art,*
*That virgin* Pallas *and the Muse impart.*
*Above the rest the* Tragic Muse *admir'd*
*Each* Attic *breast with noblest passions fir'd.*
*In peace their poets with their heroes shar'd*
*Glory, the hero's, and the bard's reward.*
*The* Tragic Muse *each glorious record kept,*
*And, o'er the kings she conquer'd,* Athens *wept* *
*Here let me cease, impatient for the scene,*
*To you I need not praise the* Tragic Queen:
*Oft has this audience soft compassion shown*
*To woes of heroes, heroes not their own.*

* See the PERSAI of Æschylus.

*his night our scenes no common tear demand,*
*e comes, the hero of your native land!*
DOUGLAS, *a name thro' all the world renown'd,*
*A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound!*
*Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,*
*A* DOUGLAS *follow'd thro' the bloody strife;*
*Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,*
*And,* DOUGLAS *dead, his name hath won the field.*
*Listen attentive to the various tale,*
*Mark if the author's kindred feelings fail;*
*Sway'd by alternate hopes, alternate fears,*
*He waits the test of your congenial tears.*
*If they shall flow, back to the muse he flies,*
*And bids your heroes in succession rise;*
*Collects the wand'ring warriors as they roam,*
DOUGLAS *assures them of a welcome home.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *DRURY-LANE.*

*Men.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord Randolph - - - | Mr. Aickin. |
| Glenalvon - - - | Mr. Palmer. |
| Norval - - - - | Mr. Kemble. |
| Stranger - - - - | Mr. Bensley. |

*Women.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Lady Randolph - - - | Mrs. Siddons. |
| Anna - - - - - | Mrs. Ward. |

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

*Men.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord Randolph - - - | Mr. Farren. |
| Glenalvon - - - - | Mr. Harley. |
| Norval - - - - | Mr. Aickin. |
| Douglas - - - - | Mr. Holman. |

*Women.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Lady Randolph - - | Mrs. Pope. |
| Anna - - - - - | Mrs. Rock. |

# *DOUGLAS.*

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*he Court of a Castle, surrounded with Woods. Enter Lady* RANDOLPH.

*Lady Randolph.*

'E woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
.ccords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
'he voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
arewel a while: I will not leave you long;
or in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
/ho from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
:ill hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
h, Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
re e'er permitted to review this world,
'ithin the circle of that wood thou art,
nd with the passion of immortals hear'st
[y lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
'eep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
[y brother's timeless death I seem to mourn
'ho perish'd with thee on this fatal day.—

To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
O disregard me not; tho' I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lor
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

*Enter Lord* RANDOLPH.

Again these weeds of woe! say, dost thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

*Lady R.* Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.
" This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
" Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.
" *Lord R.* When was it pure of sadness! Th
black weeds
" Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
" For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
" Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties:
" Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
" Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy."
Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
" As the sea smoothes the prints made in the sand
Has pass'd o'er thee in vain.

" *Lady R.* If time to come
" Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord,
" Thou can's't not blame me. When our Scott
youth
" Vy'd with each other for my luckless love,
" Oft I besought them, I implor'd them all
" Not to assail me with my father's aid,
" Nor blend their better destiny with mine.
" For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,
" And froze affection in my chilly breast.
" At last my Sire, rous'd with the base attempt
" To force me from him, which thou rend'red'st vain,
" To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
" Besought me to commiserate his age,
" And vow'd he should not, could not die in peace,
" Unless he saw me wedded, and secur'd
" From violence and outrage. Then, my lord!
" In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,
" Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire
" To lead a single, solitary life,
" And begg'd thy Nobleness, not to demand
" Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.
" How thou persisted'st after this, thou know'st,
" And must confess that I am not unjust,
" Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.
" *Lord R.* That I confess; yet ever must regret
" The grief I cannot cure." Would thou wert not
Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
" But had'st a spark of other passions in thee,
" Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire

" Of admiration, dear to woman-kind;
" These might contend with, and allay thy grief,
" As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.
" *Lady R.* To such a cause the human mind oft owes
" Its transient calm, a calm I envy not."
*Lord R.* Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.
*Lady R.* Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.
Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
Of either house were lost; my ancestors
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.
*Lord R.* Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.
*Lady R.* Thou dost not think so: woeful as I am,

I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither go'st thou now?

*Lord R.* Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

*Lady R.* O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet!
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

*Lord R.* Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's wish:
Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand!
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

*Lady R.* "War I detest: but war with foreign foes,
"Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
"Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
"As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
"A river here, there an ideal line,
"By fancy drawn, divide the sister kingdoms.
"On each side dwells a people similar,
"As twins are to each other; valiant both;
"Both for their valour famous thro' the world.
"Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
"And, if they must have war, wage distant war,

" But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
" Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
" The battle is their pastime. They go forth
" Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;
" When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,
" The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
" Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
" And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.
" *Lord R.* I'll hear no more: this melody would ma
" A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
" Sit down and weep the conquests he has made;
" Yea, (like a monk), sing rest and peace in heav'r
" To souls of warriors in his battles slain."
Lady, farewel: I leave thee not alone; 2
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.
[*Ex*

*Enter* ANNA.

*Anna.* Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

*Lady R.* So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

*Anna.* To blame thee, lady, suits not with my stat
But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

*Lady R.* Oh!

*Anna.* Have I distress'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, Lady: humble though I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
So fervently I love you, that to dry
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

*Lady R.* What power directed thy unconscious tongue
To speak as thou hast done? to name———

*Anna.* I know not:
But since my words have made my mistress tremble
I will speak so no more: but silent mix
My tears with hers.

*Lady R.* No, thou shalt not be silent.
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?

*Anna.* What means my noble mistress?

*Lady R.* Did'st thou not ask what had my sorrow been,
If I in early youth had lost a husband?—
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.——

*Anna.* Oh! Lady most rever'd!

The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

*Lady R.* Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
Impatient, Douglas to Balarmo came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
My brother's presence authoris'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles; and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity!
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulph of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

*Anna.* Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy!

*Lady R.* The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral from my tragic tale.——
In a few days the dreadful tidings came
That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
My lord! my life! my husband!—mighty God!
What had I done to merit such affliction?

*Anna.* My dearest lady! many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

*Lady R.* In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confident I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
But nurse, nor infant have I ever seen,
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.
" My murder'd child!—had thy fond Mother fear'd
" The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
" Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
" And wander'd with thee through the scorning
world."

*Anna.* Not seen nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

*Lady R.* No. It was dark December; wind and rain
Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
" Oh! hapless son of a most hapless sire!
" But they are both at rest; and I alone
" Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,
" Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds;"
Nor has despiteful fate permitted me
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;
And Randolph now possesses the domains,
That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd;
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n
A baron's title and a baron's power.
" Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
" The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
" And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,
" Which shines and disappears; alas; my child!
" How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
" Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
" Year after year hath worn her hope away;
" But left still undiminish'd her desire.
" *Anna.* The hand that spins th' uneven thread of life,
" May smooth the length that's yet to come of yours.
" *Lady R.* Not in this world; I have consider'd well
" It's various evils, and on whom they fall.
" Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?

" And sweet affection prove the spring of woe."
Oh! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

*Anna.* That God, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book, in mercy to mankind;
But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes:
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

*Lady R.* I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

*Anna.* Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir?

*Lady R.* Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself:
And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men, its features. " Self-denied,
" And master of his appetites he seems:
" But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
" Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.
" Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
" As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind."
Yet is he brave and politic in war,
And stands aloft in these unruly times.
Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter.

Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.

[*Exit Lady* RANDOLPH.

*Anna.* Oh happiness! where art thou to be found?
I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur and in wealth array'd:
Nor dost thou, it would seem with virtue dwell;
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

*Enter* GLENALVON.

*Glen.* What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?
Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

*Anna.* Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,
To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

*Glen.* What dost thou doubt of? What hast thou to do
With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be questioned: think of these good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

*Anna.* Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow; this revolving day
Awakes the mem'ry of her antient woes. *Exit* ANNA.

*Glen.* [*solus*] So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; by and by
I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.
The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.
The season is most apt; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has liv'd too long: his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
Rescu'd, and had the lady for his labour;
I'scap'd unknown; a slender consolation!
Heav'n is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe:
By love or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the Baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear: the man I dread
Is as a Dane to me: ay, and the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
No bar but he; she has no kinsman near;
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. *Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Court, &c. Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door, and Lady* RANDOLPH *and* ANNA *at another.*

*Lady Randolph.*

WHAT means this clamour? Stranger, speak secure;
Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men presum'd
To vex the weary traveller on his way?

*F. Ser.* By us no stranger ever suffered wrong:
This man with outcry wild has called us forth;
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter Lord* RANDOLPH *and a young man, with their swords drawn and bloody.*

*Lady R.* Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares my lord.

*Lord R.* That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turn'd upon him, but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

*Lady R.* My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you not learn'd of him, whom we should thank?
Whom call the saviour of lord Randolph's life?

*Lord R.* I ask'd that question, and he answered not:
But I must know, who my deliverer is.
[*To the Stranger.*

*Stran.* A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

*Lord R.* Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobl'd
By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero, by the sovereign hand
Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

*Stran.* My name is Norval: on the Grampion hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led.
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:——
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

*Lord Ran.* He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?

My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ah! my Matilda, wherefore starts that tear?

*Lady R.* I cannot say: for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now, grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword;
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of Heaven.

*Lord R.* Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

*Nor.* I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,

In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast, which make
bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour
*Lady R.* I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou sh
My knight; and ever, as thou didst to day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.
*Lord R.* Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid r
[*To* Nor
We are thy debtors still! Thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.
*Nor.* Let us be gone, my lord.
*Lord R.* [*To Lady* RANDOLPH.] About the
that the declining sun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
Tomorrow in the field. Prepare the feast,
Free is his heart who for his country fights:
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure: sweetest then,

When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt* RANDOLPH *and* NORVAL.

*Lady R.* His parting words have struck a fatal truth.
Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has Heaven annex'd to those swift-passing hours
Of love and fondness. "Then my bosom's flame
"Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear
"Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd."

*Anna.* May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm of peace
Into the wounds that fester in your breast!
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

*Lady R.* One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow;—
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
At every happy parent I repine!
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born:
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

*Anna.* Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth

Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

*Lady R.* Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there mine eye
Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape.
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee, said I to myself,
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

*Anna.* Sure Heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.
You must, my noble dame, exert your power:
You must awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

*Lady R.* Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not; I only can.
Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.
" 'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I
" To this affection in my better days;

" Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd
" Within the narrow compass of my woe.
" Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
" Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,
" To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
" Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,
" And, though still living, die to scent and beauty?
" Emblem of me; affliction, like a storm,
" Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart."

*Enter* GLENALVON.

*Glen.* Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

*Lady R.* Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base—

*Glen.* I have; and that the villains may not 'scape,
With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
And torture force from them th' important secret,
Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,
Or if——

*Lady R.* That care becomes a kinsman's love.
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [*Exit* Anna.

*Glen.* To him your counsels always are commands.

*Lady R.* I have not found so; thou art known to me.

*Glen.* Known!

*Lady R.* And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

*Glen.* What do you know? By the most blessed cross,
You much amaze me. No created being,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that
An outcast beggar, and unpitied too!
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

*Glen.* Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!
Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds
If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd;
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.

*Lady R.* Reserve these accents for some other ear
To love's apology I listen not.
Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou should'st
His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well;
But, at thy peril, practise ought against him:
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.

The friendless stranger my protection claims:
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [*Exit.*

*Glen.* Child that I was to start at my own shadow,
And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!
I am not what I have been; what I should be.
The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above
That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
Why, rape and murder are not simple means!
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;
And the intended murder introduc'd
A favourite to hide the sun from me;
And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!
This were thy center, if I thought she loved him!
'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands me,
And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd?
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity?
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
Rise up, and fill my bosom with your fires
" And policy remorseless? Chance may spoil
" A single aim; but perseverance must
" Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words:
" Persistive wisdom is the fate of man."
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
Like the red moon when rising in the east,

Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [*Ex.*

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*A Court, &c. as before. Enter* ANNA.

*Anna.*

THY vassals, grief, great nature's order break,
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour,
Whilst lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious Heaven who love the human race,
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
With images celestial, such as please
The blest above upon their golden beds.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies

All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.
*Anna.* Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.
[*Exit* Anna.

*Enter Servants with a Prisoner.*

*Pris.* I know no more than does the child unborn
Of what you charge me with.
*1st Ser.* You say so, Sir!
But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold, the lady of lord Randolph comes:
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

*Enter Lady* RANDOLPH *and* ANNA.

*Anna.* Summon your utmost fortitude, before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.
*Lady R.* Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.
[*The Prisoner kneels.*
*Pris.* Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet and mild!
A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
Oh, save me, lady! from these cruel men,

Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment-seat of Heaven,
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

*Lady R.* Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce?

*1st Ser.* We found him lurking in the hollow glynn.
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled,
We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence
And what he was: he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,
And found these jewels, whose rich value plead
Most pow'rfully against him. Hard he seems,
And old in villainy. Permit us try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

*Pris.* Oh, gentle lady! by your lord's dear life;
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail;
And by your children's welfare, spare my age!
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

*Lady R.* Account for these; thine own they cannot be:
For these, I say: be stedfast to the truth;
Detected falshood is most certain death.

[Anna *removes the Servants and returns.*]

*Pris.* Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

*Lady R.* Oh! Anna hear!—once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretel
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

*Pris.* Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men:—
Some eighteen years ago I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach, whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost;
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,

By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

*Lady R.* Was he alive?

*Pris.* He was.

*Lady R.* Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?

*Pris.* I am not so inhuman.

*Lady R.* Didst thou not?

*Anna.* My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long-lost child.

*Pris.* The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

*Lady R.* Ha! dost thou say so; then perhaps he lives!

*Pris.* Not many days ago he was alive.

*Lady R.* O God of Heav'n! did he then die so lately?

*Pris.* I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

*Lady R.* Where is he now?

*Pris.* Alas! I know not where.

*dy R.* Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
ɔt and clear; else I will search thy soul.
*na.* "Permit me, ever honour'd! Keen impatience,
ough hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself."—
ıe thy story with a faithful tongue,
ıe last hour that thou didst keep the child.
*is.* Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame;
in the cradle where the infant lay,
stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
ɔted by which, we did resolve to hide,
all the world this wonderful event,
like a peasant breed the noble child.
none might mark the change of our estate,
ɛft the country, travell'd to the north,
ht flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
ecret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
d our avarice, and smote us sore.
ne by one all our own children died,
ıe, the Stranger, sole remain'd the heir
ıat indeed was his. Fain then would I,
with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
his own secret: but my anxious wife,
oding evil, never would consent.
while the stripling grew in years and beauty;
as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
s the offspring of our cottage blood;

For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the forward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——
*Lady R.* Eternal Providence! What is thy nar
*Pris.* My name is Norval; and my name he be
*Lady R.* 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my son!
Oh, sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.
*Anna.* Just are your transports: "ne'er was won
heart
"Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated dar
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'erhe
*Lady R.* Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heav'r
stow
On me that wisdom which my state requires.
"*Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,
"And soon you must resolve. This useful man
"Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
"Shall with his brave deliverer return."
*Pris.* If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.
*Lady R.* With thee dissimulation now were vair
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;

The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.
*Pris.* Blest be the hour that made me a poor man,
My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!
*Lady R.* Thy words surprize me: sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye; such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright
Thou told's the story of thy own distress.
*Pris.* Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master.
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May Heav'n so judge me as I judge my master!
And God so love me as I love his race!
*Lady R.* His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?
*Pris.* I remember the cottage of the cliffs.
*Lady R.* 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,

'Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words; if thou shouldst meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

*Pris.* Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels in his arms,
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so br
To light the secret of his noble birth,

[*Lady* RANDOLPH *goes towards the Servan*

*Lady R.* This man is not th' assassin you suspect
Though chance combin'd some likelihoods agai
him.
He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servan*

My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my so

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
And tower'd up to the region of his sire!

*Anna.* How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
Of pow'rful instinct, drew you to your own-

*Lady R.* The ready story of his birth believ'd
Suppress my fancy quite; nor did he owe
To any likeness my so sudden favour:
But now I long to see his face again,
Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
But most of all I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

*Anna.* With wary caution you must bear yourself
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
"For, if a cherub in the shape of woman
"Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
"Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train."—
To-day the baron started at your tears.

*Lady R.* He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows
If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be

ith jealousy disorder'd. But the more
does behove me instant to declare
he birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
his night I purpose with my son to meet,
eveal the secret, and consult with him :
or wise he is, or my fond judgement errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
Array'd in Nature's ease : his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero ; on his piercing eye
Sat observation ; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash.

*Anna.* That demon haunts you still :
Benold Glenalvon

*Lady R.* Now I shun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval :
Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

*Enter* GLENALVON.

*Glen.* Noble dame !
The hovering Dane at last his men hath lande
No band of pirates ; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conqu
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

*Lady R.* But whence comes this intelligen
nalvon ?

*Glen.* A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
" Near to that place where the sea rock immense,
" Amazing bass, looks o'er a fertile land.
" *Lady R.* Then must this western army march
join
" The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs.
" *Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time
" Has not effac'd the image of a place,
" Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
" Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
" And seems by nature formed for the camp
" Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
" Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:
" If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
" There inaccessible their army lies
" To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field
" Must man to man, and foot to foot be fought."
*Lady R.* How many mothers shall bewail their son
How many widows weep their husbands slain!
Ye dames of Denmark, ev'n for you I feel.
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.
*Glen.* Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their father's fate.
The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud-yelling fury and life-ending pain,

Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

*Lady R.* I scorn thee not but when I ought to scorn
Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself.
I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.
Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

*Glen.* One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
And turn death from him, with a guardian arm,
" Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
" At the tumultuous uproar of the field."

*Lady R.* Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend
But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady* RANDOLPH.

*Glen.* [*solus.*] Amen! and virtue is its own reward

I think that I have hit the very tone
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,
And woman also! flattery direct
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
And opes the wicket of the human heart.
How far I have succeeded now, I know not.
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
Is lull'd awhile; 'tis her alone I fear;
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
" Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
" By that weak air, a peevish female's will.
" I am not idle; but the ebbs and flows
" Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated."
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
Who are, like lady Randolph, full of virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy, I may
But point him to the truth. He seldom errs,
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Lord* RANDOLPH *attended.*

*Lord Randolph.*

SUMMON an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

*Enter Lady* RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* Alas, my Lord! I've heard unwelcome news;
The Danes are landed.

*Lord R.* Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

*Lady R.* Dreadful times!

*Lord R.* The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd
In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

*Lady R.* Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host!

*Lord R.* Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it through: 20

Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The husband, and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

*Lady R.* Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords, for war;
" Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
" They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
" Hence, early graves; hence, the lone widow's life;
" And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age."
Where is our gallant guest?

*Lord R.* Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
Of every rider. But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

*Enter* NORVAL *and* GLENALVON.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:
Private I travel to the royal camp:
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man!
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to day?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

*Nor.* Small is the skill my Lord delights to praise

In him he favours. Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th'usurping infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would s
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him d
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

BRITISH THEATRE

*Lord R.* Why did this soldier in a desart hide
Those qualities, that should have grac'd a camp?
*Nor.* That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty pow'r!
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh my brother!
*Lady R.* His brother!
*Nor.* Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy in my mind was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desart on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.
*Lady R.* To what mysterious woes are mortals born!
In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?
*Nor.* No, they were dead; kind Heav'n had clos'd
their eyes,
Before their son had shed his brother's blood.
*Lord R.* Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!
There is a destiny in this strange world,

Which oft decrees an undeserved doom.
Let schoolmen tell us why——From whence
sounds? [*Trumpets at a*

*Enter an Officer.*

*Offi.* My lord, the trumpets of the troops of
The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.
*Lord R.* Mine ancient guest! Does he the
lead?
Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to
*Offi.* No; worn with warfare, he resigns the
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.
*Lord R.* Glenalvon, go.
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief. [*Exit* Gle
*Offi.* My lord, requests are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.
*Lord R.* May victory sit on the warrior's pl
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world;
Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But still, for love of glory and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift,
Against each strong antagonist, the spear.

I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exit with the Officer.*

*Lady R.* The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

*Nor.* Ah! should they not?
Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

*Lady R.* There is a generous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
This way with me; under yon spreading beech,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

*Nor.* Let there be danger, Lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

*Lady R.* Know'st thou these gems?

*Nor.* Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

*Lady. R.* Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah, they were thy father's!

*Nor.* I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd
Of both my parents, whence such splendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

*Lady R.* Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's son.

*Nor.* Not Norval's son!
*Lady R.* Nor of a shepherd sprung.
*Nor.* Lady, who am I then?
*Lady R.* Noble thou art;
For noble was thy sire.
*Nor.* I will believe——
Oh, tell me farther! Say, who was my father?
*Lady R.* Douglas!
*Nor.* Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?
*Lady R.* His younger brother.
*Nor.* And in yonder camp?
*Lady R.* Alas!
*Nor.* You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?
*Lady R.* Ah! too brave, indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.
*Nor.* Ah me, unhappy! Ere I saw the light!
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.
*Lady R.* She lives; but wastes her life in constant woe,
Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost,
*Nor.* You that are skill'd so well in the sad story
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.
Oh, tell me who and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of Heaven the aid

D. Wilde ad. viv. pinx.t Bromley

*Mr. HOLMAN as DOUGLAS.*

*– Say, who was my Father?*

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, April 30 1791.

Her son should give. It is, it must be so——
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword——
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

*Lady R.* Thy virtue ends her woes—My son! my son!
I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!
[*Falls upon his neck.*

*Nor.* Oh, heaven and earth? how wond'rous is my fate!
Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

*Lady R.* Image of Douglas! fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy sire, I pay to thee.

*Nor.* Respect and admiration still possess me.
Checking the love and fondness of a son:
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

*Lady R.* Arise, my son. In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd.
The autumn of my days is come already:
For sorrow made my summer haste away,
Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father:
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
Liker the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

*Nor.* How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
When Douglas died. Oh, I have much to ask!

*Lady R.* Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthened tale
Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.

At present this—Thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now lord Randolph, as my husband, hol
But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the pow
To right thee still. Before the King I'll kneel,
And call lord Douglas to protect his blood.

*Nor.* The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

*Lady R.* But we shall need both friends and fa
boy,
To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

*Nor.* To be the son of Douglas is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

*Lady R.* Thou dost not know what perils
injustice
Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son!
The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's chil
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
Perhaps has scorn'd thee in the youthful sports,
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain.
Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we should part before yon chiefs return.

Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
Anxious to see thee, dictated before
This casual opportunity arose
Of private conference. Its purport mark;
For as I there appoint, we meet again.
Leave me, my son; and frame thy manners still
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

*Nor.* I will remember. Where is Norval now?
That good old man.

*Lady R.* At hand conceal'd he lies,
An useful witness. But beware, my son,
Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

*Nor.* Has he, indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon
Beware of me. [*Exit.*

*Lady R.* There burst the smother'd flame.
Oh, thou all-righteous and eternal King!
Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son! Thy inspiration, Lord!
Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
Set him on high, like them, that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land!
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to its place.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt,

When I, by reason and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause?

*Enter Lord* RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.

*Lord R.* Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.
*Lady R.* Be not, my lord, by his example sway'd.
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And when you enter, speak of war no more. [*Exit.*
*Lord R.* 'Tis so, by heav'n! her mein, her voice, her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.
*Glen.* He parted from her now. Behind the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.
*Lord R.* For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd.
*Glen.* Most true, my Lord.
*Lord R.* Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth, th' acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation [*Shews a letter.*] the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded:
Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed
Whose heart he knows he has not; though she bri
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her:

ıe will, bring shame and sorrow on him;
)f sorrows, and the worst of shames! goo
ld not, my lord, to such afflicting thoughts;
spirit of an husband sleep,
vn senses make a sure conclusion.
nust to blooming Norval go:
turn awaits my trusty spy;
iim refitted for his master.
thicket take your secret stand;
hines bright, and your own eyes may judge
ıaviour.
Thou dost counsel well.
mit me now to make one slight essay.
'ophies which vain mortals boast,
/alour, or by wisdom won,
d fairest in a young man's eye,
captive heart. Successful love
us fumes intoxicates the mind,
)ud conqueror in triumph moves,
xalted above vulgar men.
\nd what avails this maxim?
ch, my lord. 320
little! I'll accost young Norval,
onical derisive counsel
spirit. If he is no more
le Norval by thy favour rais'd,
is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:
the favourite of the fair,
e first of Caledonia's dames,
pon me, as the lion turns

Upon the hunter's spear.

*Lord R.* 'Tis shrewdly thought.

*Glen.* When we grow loud, draw near. But let
lord
His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit* Randol
'Tis strange, by Heav'n!
That she should run full tilt her fond career
To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd,
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts

*Enter* NORVAL.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [*Asi*
Has Norval seen the troops?

*Nor.* The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And as the warriors mov'd each polish'd helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

*Glen.* Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

*Nor.* If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine

Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
*Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave Sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour: seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.
*Nor.* Sir, I have been accustomed all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And tho' I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
*Glen.* I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
*Nor.* My pride!
*Glen.* Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
*Nor.* A shepherd's scorn!
*Glen.* Yes; if you presume

To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you?

*Nor.* If this were told!—— [*Aside.*

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

*Glen.* Ha! dost thou threaten me?

*Nor.* Didst thou not hear?

*Glen.* Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

*Nor.* Whom dost thou think me?

*Glen.* Norval.

*Nor.* So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

*Glen.* A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

*Nor.* False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

*Glen.* Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie: and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

*Nor.* If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

*Glen.* Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee——

*Nor.* Villain, no more!
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause;

But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and lady Randolph's wrongs.

*Enter* Lord RANDOLPH.

*Lord R.* Hold, I command you both. The man th
stirs
Makes me his foe.

*Nor.* Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

*Glen.* Hear him, my Lord; he's wond'rous cond
scending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

*Nor.* Now you may scoff in safety.

[*Sheaths his Swor*

*Lord R.* Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

*Nor.* Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you muc
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage: but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord;
Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

*Lord R.* Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voic
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land

Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields.
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader: then decide
The private quarrel.

*Glen.* I agree to this.

*Nor.* And I.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* The banquet waits.

*Lord R.* We come. (*Exit with Servant.*

*Glen.* Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Sooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

*Nor.* Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment.
When we contend again, our strife is mortal. [*Exeunt.*

---

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*Enter* DOUGLAS.

*Douglas.*

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way

Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves!
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in ought believed,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

*Enter Old* NORVAL.

*Old Nor.* 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me hence?
His just reproach I fear.
[Douglas *turns aside and sees him.*
Forgive, forgive,
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir, a shepherd's son?

*Doug.* Kneel not to me; thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

*Old Nor.* And dost thou call me father; Oh, my son!
I think that I could die, to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

*Doug.* Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

*Nor.* Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers!

*Doug.* Why should I leave them?

*Nor.* Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

*Doug.* How know'st thou that?

*Old Nor.* I will inform you how:
When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came.
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon. Still of you they spoke,
And of the lady; threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

*Doug.* Revenge! for what?

*Old Nor.* For being what you are,
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,
But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,

issued forth, encompassing the tower
With many a wearied step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

*Doug.* I scorn it not.
My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

*Old Nor.* I fear you will, too far.

*Doug.* Here in this place
I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow.
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart: your presence may prevent
Our interview.

*Old Nor.* My blessing rest upon thee!
Oh, may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine! [*Exit.*

*Doug.* He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;

Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers,
Ye glorious stars! high Heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out I will accept;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

*Enter Lady* RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* My son! I heard a voice——

*Doug.* The voice was mine.

*Lady R.* Didst thou complain aloud to Nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?
[*Embracing him.*

*Doug.* No; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

*Lady R.* Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise——

*Doug.* First, let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

*Lady R.* My heart forebodes some evil.

*Doug.* 'Tis not good——
At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation; oft they mention'd me

With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes nam'd.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.
*Lady R.* Defend us, gracious God! we are betray'd:
They have found out the secret of thy birth:
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own,
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!
*Doug.* And leave you here?
No: to the castle let us go together.
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.
*Lady R.* Oh, Nature, Nature! what can check thy force?
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.

Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to lord Douglas;
Shew him these jewels which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by a certain proof will soon confirm.

*Doug.* I yield me, and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part:
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets:
To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long-lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the reign,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

*Doug.* What shall I say? How can I give comfort?
The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake

I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name,
That which I boast, sounds amongst martial men,
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

*Lady R.* I will not utter what my bosom feels.
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewel, my son! my counsels are but vain,
[*Embracing.*
And as high Heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.
[*Separate.*
Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
I'll point it out again. [*Just as they are separating,*

*Enter from the wood Lord* RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.

*Lord R.* Not in her presence.
Now———

*Glen.* I'm prepar'd.

*Lord R.* No: I command thee stay.
I go alone: it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man.
The noblest vengeance is the most compleat. *Exit.*

[GLENALVON *makes some steps to the same side of the stage, listens and speaks.*

*Glen.* Demons of death come settle on my sword,

And to a double slaughter guide it home!
The lover and the husband both must die.

*Lord R.* [*Behind the scenes.*] Draw, villain! draw!

*Doug.* [*Without.*] Assail me not, lord Randolph;
Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*

*Glen.* [*Running out.*] Now is the time.

*Enter Lady* RANDOLPH, *at the opposite side of the stage, faint and breathless.*

*Lady R.* Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be thine own!
But spare! Oh, spare my son!

*Enter* DOUGLAS, *with a sword in each hand.*

*Doug.* My mother's voice!
I can protect thee still.

*Lady R.* He lives, he lives;
For this, for this to Heav'n eternal praise!
But sure I saw thee fall.

*Doug.* It was Glenalvon,
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me; but I slew him.

*Lady R.* Behind thee! ah! thou'rt wounded! Oh, my child,
How pale thou look'st! And shall I lose thee now?

*Doug.* Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*

*Lady R.* There is no hope!
And we must part! The hand of death is on thee!

Oh! my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas!

[DOUGLAS *groaning more and more faint.*

*Doug.* Too soon we part: I have not long been Douglas;
O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me;
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I've liv'd.

*Lady R.* Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like this?

*Doug.* Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death:
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

*Lady R.* Hear justice; hear! stretch thy avenging arm. [DOUGLAS *falls.*

*Doug.* Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

*Lady R.* Despair, despair!

*Doug.* Oh, had it pleas'd high Heav'n to let me live
A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother—O! my mother! [*Dies.*

*Enter Lord* RANDOLPH *and* ANNA.

*Lord R.* Thy words, thy words of truth, have pierc'd my heart;

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword——

*Anna.* Alas! look there, my lord.

*Lord R.* The mother and her son! How curst
Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

*Anna.* My lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
Awhile her powers.

*Lord R.* But my deliverer's dead;
" The world did once esteem lord Randolph w
" Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:
" And, in my early days, glory I gain'd
" Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
" Now past the noon of life, shame comes upc
" Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
" Are near at hand: for all mankind will thin
" That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's

*Lady R.* [*Recovering.*] Where am I now? this wretched world!
Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.
" My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's st
" With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sc
" And train'd me on to be the object now,
" On which Omnipotence displays itself,
" Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
" To awe it's vassal, man."

*Lord R.* Oh, misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

*Lady R.* Thy innocence!

*Lord R.* My guilt
Is innocence compar'd with what thou think'st it.

*Lady R.* Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee and of thy valour! my fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name:
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be
That only whilst I please; for such a son
And such a husband drive me to my fate. [*Runs out.*

*Lord R.* Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.
[*Exit* ANNA.

*Enter Old* NORVAL.

*Old Nor.* I heard the voice of woe: Heaven guard my child!

*Lord R.* Already is the idle gaping crowd,
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
Begone.

*Old Nor.* I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,

With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
Oh, noblest youth that ever yet was born!
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it,
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare. Oh! I am punish'd now!
These are the hairs that should have strew'd
ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

[*Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the bod*
Douglas.

*Lord R.* I know thee now: "thy boldness I forgi
"My crest is fallen." For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

*Enter* ANNA.

*Anna.* My lord! My lord!
*Lord R.* Speak: I can hear of horror.
*Anna.* Horror, indeed!
*Lord R.* Matilda?

*Anna.* Is no more:
She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down——

*Lord R.* 'Twas I alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

*Anna.* Oh, had you seen her last despairing look!
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head
And her white hands to Heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

*Lord R.* I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave;
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait:
For Randolph hopes he never shall return. [*Exeunt.*

# EPILOGUE.

*AN Epilogue I ask'd; but not one word*
*Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd*
*With comic wit to contradict the strain*
*Of tragedy and make your sorrows vain.*
*Sadly he says, that pity is the best,*
*And noblest passion of the human breast:*
*For when its sacred streams the heart o'er-flow,*
*In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;*
*And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,*
*They leave behind him such a golden soil,*
*That there the virtues without culture grow,*
*There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.*
*These were his words; void of delusive art,*
*I felt them: for he spoke them from his heart.*
*Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,*
*To chase away celestial melancholy.*

# *CATO,*

A

TRAGEDY.

By JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

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M DCC XCI.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

# PRINCESS OF WALES.

With the Tragedy of CATO, *Nov.* 1714.

*THE muse that oft, with sacred raptures, fir'd,*
*Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,*
*And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,*
*Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,*
*On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,*
*By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,*
*And all the glories that our age adorn,*
*Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.*
*No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan*
*A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;*
*But boast her royal progeny's increase,*
*And count the pledges of her future peace.*
*Oh, born to strengthen, and to grace our isle!*
*While you, fair princess, in your offspring smile,*
*Supplying charms to the succeeding age,*
*Each heav'nly daughter's triumphs we presage:*
*Already see th' illustrious youths complain,*
*And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.*
*Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,*
*Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires*

*With manly valour and attractive air,*
*Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.*
*Oh, England's younger hope! in whom conspire*
*The mother's sweetness and the father's fire;*
*For thee, perhaps, ev'n now of kingly race*
*Some dawning beauty blooms in ev'ry grace,*
*Some Carolina, to Heav'n's dictates true,*
*Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,*
*Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,*
*And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.*
*Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,*
*The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains*
*Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress,*
*Endanger'd rights and liberty distrest:*
*To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,*
*And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,*
*And filial love; bid impious discord cease,*
*And sooth the madd'ning factions into peace;*
*Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,*
*And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,*
*Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,*
*And Caesar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.*
*Mean while, bright princess, who with graceful ease*
*And native majesty art form'd to please,*
*Behold those arts with a propitious eye,*
*That suppliant to their great protectress fly;*
*Then shall they triumph, and the British stage*
*Improve her manners, and refine her rage,*
*More noble characters expose to view,*
*And draw her finish'd heroines from you.*

*Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,*
*Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:*
*The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays*
*Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:*
*To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;*
*The queen still shines, because the poet sung.*
*Even all those graces in your frame combin'd,*
*The common fate of mortal charms may find;*
*(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,*
*The joy and wonder of a single age,)*
*Unless some poet in a lasting song*
*To late posterity their fame prolong,*
*Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize*
*And see your beauty with their father's eyes.*

# JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ

BIOGRAPHY, in the wide memorials of l
existence, never expatiated upon a fairer life
that of this amiable Author. While the wr
this sketch laments the penury of comm
ticles which he will not repeat, he regret
feelingly his want of power to add to the *m*
*bilia* of so great a man. The few circums
recorded of him are upon the minds of ALL
very becomingly are they so; for they furn
a lesson by which all may learn to LIVE W

He has had the best praise of poetry, a
superior tribute of prose, solemn and su
for it is the prose of YOUNG. The great
of the Night Thoughts hangs with religio
ture upon the death-bed of ADDISON, as th
summation of his character—the edifying c
Christian resignation.

"He teaches HOW to die."

There is but one event in the life of AD
which calls upon me for investigation or
—"that conduct towards POPE, which pr
"the famous portrait of ATTICUS." The

are serious; and, if substantiated by evidence, leave us nothing to plead in bar of sentence but, "that last infirmity of noble minds," jealousy of a rival's fame. Let the great writer who has not felt this pour down alone his censure upon ADDISON. But from whom does the sarcasm proceed?—From POPE?—from him who provoked the memorable severity of HILL? who,

> Poorly *accepted* FAME he ne'er *repaid*;
> Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approv'd,
> And wanted SOUL to *spread* the worth he *lov'd*.

Is it not something more than problematic, that this conduct, of which HILL so keenly complains, HE alone might not have felt, and that the coolness of ADDISON might have sprung from the petulance of POPE? Let any man, after impartially scanning either the lives or writings of these writers, pronounce from whom he conceives the offensive conduct originally sprung. The beauty of Pope's COMPOSITIONS have in no trifling degreee decorated his LIFE with a beauty which it wanted. He who lives in a state of *inadequate* ENMITY, who, in the language of SHAKSPERE *spurns enviously at straws*, was more likely to be irritated by the successful SAGE he *revered* than the degraded DUNCE he delighted to *deride*.

# CATO.

It one of those pieces upon which the pub has been ratified by the critic. It is rea and admired by every lover of the drama; the singular fortune of conciliating the favo as speak with unreasonable contempt of p more truly dramatic. The moral, the pr religious of our teachers banish not the Cato from our youth, though the basis of faulty and the practice of suicide is exhibi the splendors of philosophic pomp, its in "invisible or dimly seen" struggling th misty magic of Platonic rapsody.

It is read, it is quoted—but it is now n The sentiments of patriotism inculcated good, that they implant in our hearts the l country—but the Author was mistaken ceived the exemplification of this virtue CATO. A true patriot would have spared try the miseries of hopless contention, abased his haughtiness of pride before the consequences of recovered peace and retu cord.

With regard to the splendor of its senten it must be confessed, frequently dazzle

false fire—their sentiments are above nature, and superior to humanity. We are happy to see our complacency restored, when the Stoic sinks at last into the man, sorrows upon the bier of a beloved son, and thus claims again the condition he had laboured to renounce.

PARTY carried this play up to a height where to have sustained itself was impossible. Time has pronounced it to be a sensible poem, which in representation interests now no more, and must be judged alone in the closet. Criticism there has demonstrated, that as a dramatic structure it is highly beautiful; exquisite in its ornaments, graceful, and elegantly fitted up; but unhappily insecure from certain palpable defects ascertainable by a survey of its *foundations*.

# PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. POPE.

*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,*
*To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,*
*To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,*
*Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:*
*For this the tragic muse first trod the stage;*
*Commanding tears to stream through every age;*
*Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,*
*And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.*
*Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move*
*The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;*
*In pitying love we but our weakness show,*
*And wild ambition well deserves its woe.*
*Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,*
*Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:*
*He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,*
*And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.*
*Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,*
*What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:*
*No common object to your sight displays,*
*But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;*
*A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,*
*And greatly falling in a falling state!*

*While Cato gives his little senate laws,*
*What bosom beats not in his country's cause?*
*Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?*
*Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?*
*Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,*
*The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,*
*Ignobly vain, and impotently great,*
*Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;*
*As her dead father's rev'rend image past,*
*The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,*
*The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,*
*The world's great victor past unheeded by:*
*Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,*
*And honour'd Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword.*

*Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd,*
*And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.*
*With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd*
*Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;*
*Our scenes precariously subsist too long*
*On French translation, and Italian song:*
*Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;*
*Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:*
*Such plays alone should please a British ear,*
*As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *DRURY-LANE.*

CATO, - - - - - - Mr. K
LUCIUS, } *Senators.* - { Mr. P
SEMPRONIUS, } { Mr. B
JUBA, *Prince of* Numidia, - Mr. B
SYPHAX, *General of the* Numidians, Mr. A
PORTIUS, } *Sons of* Cato. - { Mr. P
MARCUS, } { Mr. B
DECIUS, *Ambassador from* Cæsar, - Mr. C

*Mutineers, Guards, &c.*

*W*

MARCIA, *Daughter to* Cato, - - Mrs.
LUCIA, *Daughter to* Lucius, - - Miss

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

CATO, - - - - - - Mr.
LUCIUS, } *Senators.* - { Mr. I
SEMPRONIUS, } { Mr.
JUBA, *Prince of* Numidia, - - Mr.
SYPHAX, *General of the* Numidians, - Mr. H
PORTIUS, } *Sons of* Cato, - { Mr. A
MARCUS, } { Mr. I
DECIUS, *Ambassador from* Cæsar, - Mr. I

*Mutineers, Guards, &c.*

MARCIA, *Daughter to* Cato, - - Mrs.
LUCIA, *Daughter to* Lucius, - - Mrs.

SCENE, *A Hall in the Governor's Palace*

# CATO.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* PORTIUS *and* MARCUS.

*Portius.*

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome——our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

*Marc.* Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think

On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in sl
ter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

*Por.* Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious grea
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brigh
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round!
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

*Marc.* Who knows not this! But what can C
Against a world, a base, degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Ca
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such succ

Distracts my very soul! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

*Por.* Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

*Marc.* These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—

*Por.* Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant, love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

*Marc.* Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse
I feel it here: my resolution melts——

*Por.* Behold young Juba, the Numidian
With how much care he forms himself to gl
And breaks the fierceness of his native temp
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves he
" His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray
But still the smoother'd fondness burns with
" When most it swells, and labours for a ver
The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the wo
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul!

*Marc.* Portius, no more! your words lea
behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance.
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honou

*Por.* Marcus, I know thy gen'rous tempe
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaz

*Marc.* A brother's suff'rings claim a
pity.

*Por.* Heav'n knows I pity thee. Behold m

Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

*Marc.* Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instea
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

*Por.* Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

*Marc.* Thou best of brothers, and thou best
friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit* Ma

*Enter* SEMPRONIUS.

*Sem.* Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Asid*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

*Por.* My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult

If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

*Sem.* Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. Oh, my Portius!
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

*Por.* Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia whilst her father's life's in danger;
Thou might'st as well court the pale, trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

*Sem.* The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

*Por.* Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring!
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,

And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. [*Ex.*

*Sem.* Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the course.
—Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

*Enter* SYPHAX.

*Syph.* Sempronius, all is ready;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

*Sem.* Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n while we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on

From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him:
Through winds and waves, and storms he worl
way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Ju
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsa
And challenge better terms.

*Syph.* Alas, he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

*Sem.* Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

*Syph.* But is it true, Sempronius, that your se
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautiou
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art

*Sem.* Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion, ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,

And mouthe at Cæsar 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick; wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

*Syph.* In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.

*Sem.* Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

*Syph.* I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

*Enter* JUBA.

*Jub.* Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,

What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in fr
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

*Syph.* 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoug
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

*Jub.* Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before th
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

*Syph.* Gods! where's the worth that sets
people up
Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my pri
In which your *Z*ama does not stoop to Rome.

*Jub.* These all are virtues of a meaner rank
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;

To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
The embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

*Syph.* Patience, kind Heav'ns!—excuse an old man's warmth:
What are those wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That renders man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue:
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

*Jub.* To strike thee dumb; turn up thy eyes to Cato;
There may'st thou see to what a god-like height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
"Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
"He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,"
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,

But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chace,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

*Jub.* Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
" But grant that others could with equal glory
" Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
" Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
" He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!"
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight up him!

*Syph.* 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain

On Afric sands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

*Jub.* Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

*Syph.* Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

*Jub.* What wouldst thou have me do?

*Syph.* Abandon Cato.

*Jub.* Syphax, I shou'd be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

*Syph.* Aye, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

*Jub.* Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

*Syph.* Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
"The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,"
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand
(His eyes brim-full of tears), then sighing, cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!——His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

*Jub.* Alas! thy story melts away my soul;

That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

*Syph.* By laying up his counsels in your heart.

*Jub.* His counsels bade me yield to thy directio
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

*Syph.* Alas! my prince, I'd guide thee to safety.

*Jub.* I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me h

*Syph.* Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's fi

*Jub.* My father scorn'd to do it.

*Syph.* And therefore dy'd.

*Jub.* Better to die ten thousand thousand deatl
Than wound my honour.

*Syph.* Rather say your love.

*Jub.* Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my ten
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, though hard to con love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

*Jub.* 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense,
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles,
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

*Syph.* How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——

*Jub.* Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

*Syph.* Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will the woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[*Exit* Syphax.

*Enter* MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

*Jub.* Hail, charming maid! How does thy beauty smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

*Mar.* I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

*Jub.* Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

*Mar.* My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

*Jub.* That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,
Transplanting one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

*Mar.* My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

*Jub.* Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee.

Oh, lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit* Juba.

*Luc.* Marcia, you're too severe;
How cou'd you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and doats on you to death?

*Mar.* 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chid him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

*Luc.* Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

*Mar.* How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, "and draw them all into it?"

*Luc.* Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

*Mar.* Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

*Luc.* I need not blush to name them, when thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cat
*Mar.* They both behold thee with their sister's
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
" But tell me, whose address thou fav'rest most
" I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
" *Luc.* Which is it Marcia wishes for?
*Mar.* " For neither——
" And yet for both—The youths have equal sha
" In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:"
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?
" *Luc.* Marcia, they both are high in my este
" But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name
" Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
" Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what-
" *Mar.* Oh, Lucia, I'm perplex'd, Oh, tel which
" I must hereafter call my happy brother?"
*Luc.* Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blam choice?
——Oh, Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul
" With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
" And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
" Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetnes
" Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoug
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

*Mar.* Alas, poor youth! "how canst thou throw him
from thee?
"Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee?
"Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
"He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
"And thinks, and talks, and looks like one trans-
ported.
"Unhappy youth!" How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
*Luc.* You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
*Mar.* Heav'n forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.
*Luc.* Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.
"*Mar.* He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
"And wou'd not plunge his brother in despair,
"But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.
"*Luc.* Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
"In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
"Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
"And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
"Tormenting thought! It cuts into my soul."
*Mar.* Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,

ut to the gods submit th' event of things.
lur lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
lay still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
f rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Vorks itself clear, and as it runs, refines,
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
eflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
nd a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*The Senate.* LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and Senators.*

*Sempronius.*

OME still survives in this assembled senate!
et us remember we are Cato's friends,
nd act like men who claim that glorious title.
*Luc.* Cato will soon be here, and open to us
h' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
lay all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

*Enter* CATO.

*Cato.* Fathers, we once again are met in council:
æsar's approach has summon'd us together,
nd Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
low shall we treat this bold aspiring man?

Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

*Sem.* My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome demands your help:
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia

Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.
*Cato.* Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?
*Luc.* My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. "To urge the foe to battle,
"(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
"Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
"And not to rest in Heaven's determination."
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.

We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

"*Sem.* This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
"Conceal a traitor——something whispers me
"All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius."
[*Aside to* Cato.

*Cato.* Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate: we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hopes, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time;
No, let us draw her term of freedom out

In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

*Enter* MARCUS.

*Marc.* Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the ga
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Deci
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

*Cato.* By your permission, fathers——bid him ent
[*Exit* Marc
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæs
His message may determine our resolves.

*Enter* DECIUS.

*Dec.* Cæsar sends health to Cato—

*Cato.* Cou'd he send it,
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcom
Are not your orders to address the senate?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he kno
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

*Cato.* These very reasons thou has urg'd forbid it.

*Dec.* Cato, I have orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

*Cato.* Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Dec.* A style like this becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

*Dec.* What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light;
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

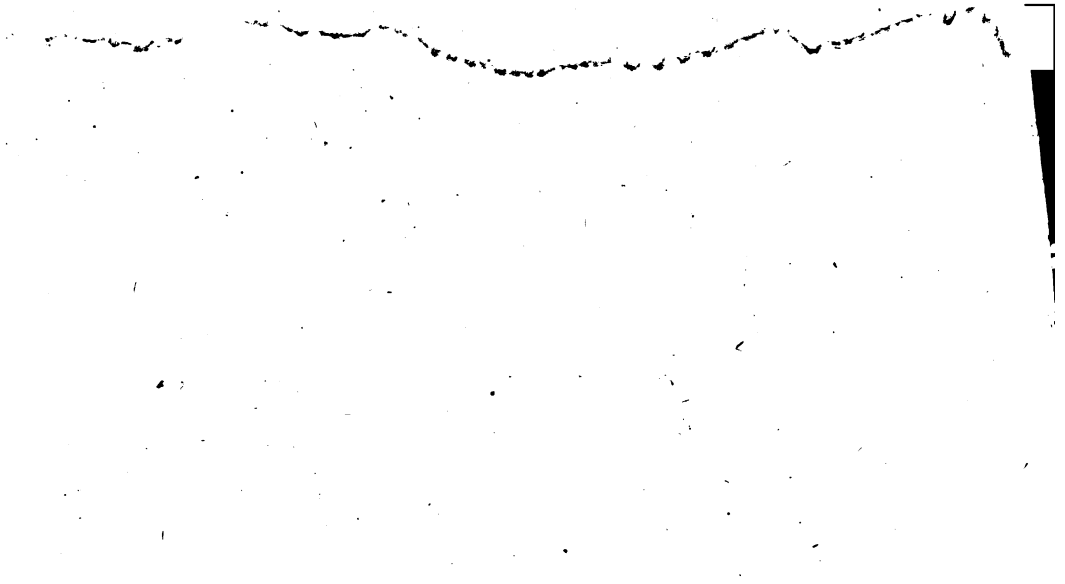
*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.

Mr. KEMBLE as CATO.

"Presumptuous Man! the gods take care of Cat



But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

*Sem.* Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome,
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

*Luc.* The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

*Sem.* Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

*Luc.* Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

*Sem.* This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

*Cato.* Come; no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

*Sem.* Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

*Cato.* Father's, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

*Luc.* Cato, we all go into your opinion,
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

*Sem.* We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

*Cato.* Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt Senators.*

*Enter* JUBA.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

*Jub.* The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,

Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

*Cato.* Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.

*Jub.* My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

*Cato.* It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

*Jub.* My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
" Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
" Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
" In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;"
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

*Cato.* I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

*Jub.* I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
The assistance of my father's powerful friends;
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings,
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

*Cato.* And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric.

*Jub.* Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

*Cato.* Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first fav'rites and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

*Jub.* I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st; I pant for virtue;
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

*Cato.* Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato;
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

*Jub.* The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires
Depends on Cato.

*Cato.* What does Juba say?
The words confound me.
*Jub.* I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.
*Cato.* Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
*Jub.* Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
*Cato.* What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?
*Jub.* I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
*Cato.* What wouldst thou say?
*Jub.* Cato, thou hast a daughter.
*Cato.* Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
The hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of ought
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

*Enter* SYPHAX.

*Syph.* How's this, my prince! What, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
*Jub.* Syphax, I'm undone!
*Syph.* I know it well.

*Jub.* Cato thinks meanly of me.

*Syph.* And so will all mankind.

*Jub.* I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

*Syph.* Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.

*Jub.* Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba!

*Syph.* Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chace! I've seen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

*Jub.* Pr'ythee no more.

*Syph.* How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

*Jub.* Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In ev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.

*Syph.* Young prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might still be yours.

*Jub.* What say'st thou, Syphax?
By Heav'ns, thou turn'st me all into attention.
*Syph.* Marcia might still be yours.
*Jub.* As how, dear Syphax?
*Syph.* Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.
*Jub.* Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy mine honour?
*Syph.* Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
*Jub.* Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
*Syph.* The boasted ancestors of those great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos
(The gods on earth), are all the spurious blood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.
*Jub.* Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
*Syph.* Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires

The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.
*Jub.* If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
*Syph.* Go, go; you're young.
*Jub.* Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.
*Syph.* I have gone to far. [*Aside.*
*Jub.* Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
*Syph.* I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
*Jub.* Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
*Syph.* Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
*Jub.* Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?
*Syph.* Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts

His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

*Jub.* Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

*Syph.* Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

*Jub.* Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

*Syph.* What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.

*Jub.* Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

*Syph.* And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

*Jub.* Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

*Syph.* You did, indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service.

*Jub.* Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,

That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

*Syph.* By Heav'ns,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind official zeal to serve my king,
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince.

*Jub.* Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

*Jub.* Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the scepter come into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

*Syph.* Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joys grow burdensome, I shan't support it.

*Jub.* Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Ex.*

*Syph.* Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence, 'tis gone! I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

*Enter* SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.

*Sem.* Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Shou'd they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

*Syph.* But how stands Cato?

*Sem.* Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

*Syph.* But what's this messenger?

*Sem.* I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

*Syph.* Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again;
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

*Sem.* Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

*Syph.* May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her.

*Sem.* Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

*Syph.* Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among the ranks?

*Sem.* All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.
*Syph.* Mean while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square to exercise their arms,
And as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to see how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from ev'ry side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise
Sees the dry desart all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. [*Exeunt.*

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## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*Enter* MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

*Marcus.*

THANKS to my stars I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.
*Por.* Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft

Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

*Marc.* Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

*Por.* When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

*Marc.* Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

*Por.* What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

*Marc.* Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's presence;
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

*Por.* Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

*Marc.* Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

*Por.* Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons——

*Marc.* I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

*Por.* What should I do! If I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.
[*Aside.*

*Marc.* But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

*Por.* She sees us, and advances——
*Marc.* I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LUCIA.

*Luc.* Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
*Por.* Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
"His passions, and his virtues lie confus'd,
"And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
"That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
"Heav'ns, would one think 'twere possible for love
"To make such ravage in a noble soul!"
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd; my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.
*Luc.* How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
*Por.* Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;

But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope;
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us——

*Luc.* No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischief hangs upon us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.

*Por.* What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

*Luc.* Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it.

*Por.* Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

" *Luc.* At length I've acted my severest part,
" I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
" And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
" But, oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
" Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

" *Por.* Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

" *Luc.* Oh, stop those sounds,
" Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
" My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
" And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
" The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
" But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.
" *Por.* Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
" I've been deluded, led into a dream
" Of fancy'd bliss. Oh, Lucia, cruel maid!
" Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
" In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
" Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
" And horror dwells about thee! Ha! she faints!
" Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
" Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
" And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
" Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
" —Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
" They shut not out society in death—
" But ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
" Through all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.
" *Luc.* Oh, Portius was this well—to frown on her
" that lives upon thy smiles? To call in doubt
" The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
" That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?
" —What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
" Forgets the vow in which my soul was bound.
" Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.

" *Por.* Name not the word, my frighted thoughts
run back,
" And startle into madness at the sound.
*Luc.* " What wouldst thou have me do? Consider
well
" The train of ills our love would draw behind it."
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?
*Por.* To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
" The mist that hung upon my mind, clears up;
" And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
" Has planted round thee, thou appear'st most fair,
" More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
" Loveliest of women! Heav'n is in thy soul;
" Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
" Bright'ning each other: thou art all divine."
*Luc.* Portius, no more; thy words shoot thro' my
heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with
sorrow?

It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word—for ever.

*Por.* Stay, Lucia, stay? What dost thou say? For ever?

*Luc.* Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever.

*Por.* "Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
"Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,
"And falls again, as loth to quit its hold."
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

*Luc.* If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

*Por.* 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

*Luc.* What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are not there heav'ns, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way:
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief like mine. [*Exit* Lucia.

*Enter* MARCUS.

*Marc.* Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I doom'd
To life or death?

*Por.* What wouldst thou have me say?

*Marc.* What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

*Por.* I've reason.

*Marc.* Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask'd not the success
My cause has found.

*Por.* I'm griev'd I undertook it.

*Marc.* What? does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

*Por.* Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

*Marc.* Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause?——Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——

*Por.* Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?

*Marc.* What have I said! Oh, Portius, oh forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills fall out

With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

*Por.* A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.

*Marc.* Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

*Por.* Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure? Oh, Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* SEMPRONIUS, *with the Leaders of the mutiny.*

*Sem.* At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Mean-while I'll herd amongst his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [*Exit.*

1 *Lead.* We are all safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronious is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him:
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest:
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

*Re-enter* SEMPRONIUS, *with* CATO, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

*Cato.* Where are those bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon their foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

*Sem.* Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd. [*Aside.*

*Cato.* Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd?
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

*Sem.* By heav'ns they droop!
Confusion to the villains; all is lost. [*Aside.*

*Cato.* Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,

Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last of all your host that thirsted?

*Sem.* If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

*Cato.* Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

*Luc.* See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

*Cato.* Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

*Sem.* Cato, commit these wretches to my care:
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,

When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.
" *Luc.* Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
" Of wretched men?
" *Sem.* How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
" Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
" That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood."
*Cato.* Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold the punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.
*Sem.* Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
*Cato.* Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood):
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

*Exeunt* Cato, *&c.*

1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

*Sem.* Villain, stand off, base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

*Sem.* Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this—

*Sem.* Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt guards, with their leaders.*

*Enter* SYPHAX.

*Syph.* Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play;
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

*Sem.* Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
*Syph.* How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?
*Sem.* Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
*Syph.* Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force.
*Sem.* But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
*Syph.* Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards,
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
*Sem.* Heav'ns, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Enter* LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

*Lucia.*

Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

*Mar.* Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might my big swoln heart,
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

*Luc.* I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

*Mar.* Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius,
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man;
Juba, to all the brav'ry of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman kind, but Marcia, happy.

*Luc.* And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

*Mar.* While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

*Luc.* But should this father give you to Sempronius?

*Mar.* I dare not think he will: but if he should—

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way?
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast
The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like* JUBA, *with* Numidian *guards.*

*Sem.* The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If ought could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay barbarian.
—But hark! what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards——Hah, dastards, do you tremble!——
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

*Enter* JUBA.

*Jub.* What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

*Sem.* One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

*Jub.* What can this mean? Sempronius!

*Sem.* My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

*Jub.* Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man. [Sem. *falls. His guards surrender.*

*Sem.* Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! This my close of life!
Oh, for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heaven, and Cato tremble!
[*Dies.*

*Jub.* With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit* Juba *with prisoners, &c.*

*Enter* LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

*Luc.* Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound,
Oh, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

*Mar.* See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! Heav'n preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
" Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
" A virgin's heart," Juba lies dead before us!
*Luc.* Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.
*Mar.* Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience;
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief and run distracted!
*Luc.* What can I think or say to give thee comfort?
*Mar.* Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

*Enter* JUBA *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.
*Jub.* What do I hear? And was the false Sempronius
That best of men? Oh, had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have been thus mourn'd, I had been happy.
" *Luc.* Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
" And help thee with my tears; when I behold
" A loss like thine, I half forget my own."
" *Mar.* 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.

" This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
" Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
" *Jub.* I'm on the rack! Was he so near her heart?
" *Mar.* Oh, he was all made up of love and charms!
" Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
" Delight of every eye; when he appear'd,
" A secret pleasure gladd'ned all that saw him;
" But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
" To hear his virtues, and old age grew worse.
" *Jub.* I shall run mad——"
" *Mar.* Oh, Juba! Juba! Juba!
*Jub.* What means that voice? Did she not call on Juba?
*Mar.* "Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
" He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him."
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd, call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
*Jub.* Where am I? Do I live? or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!
*Mar.* Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——
*Jub.* See, Marcia, see [*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
*Mar.* With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!

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" Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!"
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

*Jub.* A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
" The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
" Thy father knows it all." I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

*Mar.* I've been surpriz'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

" *Jub.* I'm lost in ecstacy; and dost thou love,
" Thou charming maid——

" *Mar.* And dost thou live to ask it?

" *Jub.* This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
" Such life as Juba never felt 'till now!

" *Mar.* Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
" I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

" *Jub.* Oh, fortunate mistake!

" *Mar.* O happy Marcia!"

*Jub.* My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

*Mar.* Lucia, thy arm. " Oh, let me rest upon it!
" The vital blood that had forsook my heart,

" Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
" It quite o'ercomes me." Lead to my apartment—
Oh, prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Luc.

*Jub.* I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine. [*Exit.*

*A march at a distance. Enter* CATO *and* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—

*Cato.* Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes! I am surpris'd at nothing.
—Oh, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

*Enter* PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

*Por.* My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
*Cato.* Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
*Por.* Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
*Cato.* Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Ex.* Por.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.
*Luc.* While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
*Cato.* Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
*Luc.* The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
*Cato.* Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——

But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

*Luc.* Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

*Enter* JUBA.

*Jub.* I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

*Cato.* What's thy crime?

*Jub.* I'm a Numidian.

*Cato.* And a brave one too. Thou hast a Roman soul.

*Jub.* Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?

*Cato.* Alas, young prince! falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

*Jub.* 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

*Cato.* 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

*Jub.* What shall I answer thee? "My ravish'd heart
"O'erflows with secret joy:" I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

*Enter* PORTIUS.

*Por.* Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——

*Cato.* Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

*Por.* Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

*Cato.* I'm satisfy'd.

*Por.* Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

*Cato.* Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.

*Por.* Long may they keep asunder!

*Luc.* Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

*Cato.* Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

*Jub.* Was ever man like this!

*Cato.* Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus! let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
Oh, liberty! Oh, virtue! Oh, my country!

*Jub.* Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*

*Cato.* Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's:
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fall'n! Oh, curst ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hand! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

*Jub.* While Cato lives Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind inslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

*Cato.* Cæsar asham'd! has he not seen Pharsalia!

*Luc.* Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

*Cato.* Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger,
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæsar shall never say he conquer'd Cato.
But, oh, my friends! your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!

*Luc.* Cæsar has mercy if we ask it of him.

*Cato.* Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
"That I myself, with tears, request it of him,"
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Shou'd I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—

*Jub.* If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!

*Cato.* Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou see'st me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field.
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

*Por.* I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

*Cato.* Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds),
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There, the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm partiot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost. [*Exeunt.*

---

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

CATO *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand* Plato's *book on the Immortality of the Soul.*

*A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

*Enter* PORTIUS.

But, hah! who's this, my son! Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

*Por.* Alas, my father!

What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.

*Cato.* Rash youth, forbear!

*Por.* Oh, let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!

*Cato.* Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

*Por.* Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

*Cato.* 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,

And bar each avenue; thy gath'ring fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——

*Por.* Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

*Cato.* Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

*Por.* Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

*Cato.* Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

*Por.* My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives. [*Exit* Cato.

*Enter* MARCIA.

Oh, Marcia! Oh, my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life

So needful to us all and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [*Ex.*

*Mar.* Oh, ye immortal powers! that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

*Enter* LUCIA.

*Luc.* Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

*Mar.* Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

*Luc.* Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

*Mar.* Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild.
"Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
"Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,"
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

*Luc.* 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd,
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd

In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—
*Mar.* And ever shall lament; unhappy youth!
*Luc.* Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts;
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?
*Mar.* Let him but live, commit the rest to Heav'n.

*Enter* LUCIUS.

*Lucius.* Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father!
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, Cæsar, thou can'st not hurt me.
*Mar.* His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.
" *Lucius.* Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
" Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
" While Cato lives—his presence will protect us."

*Enter* JUBA.

*Jub.* Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,

Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

*Lucius.* Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance 'till he hears from Cato.

*Enter* PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

*Por.* As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*

*Lucius.* Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second groan—
Heav'n guard us all!——

*Mar.* Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

*Re-enter* PORTIUS.

*Por.* Oh, sight of woe!
Oh, Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.—
*Lucius.* Oh, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.
*Por.* I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.
*Mar.* Oh, Heav'n! assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father.
" *Jub.* These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!
" *Lucius.* Now is Rome fall'n indeed!"
[Cato *brought on in a chair.*
*Cato.* Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—Oh, Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
Oh, bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—
—I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
—And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. Oh, ye Powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh! [*Dies.*

*Lucius.* There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast; oh, Cato! oh, my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow:
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DR. GARTH.

*WHAT odd fantastic things we women do?*
*Who wou'd not listen when young lovers wooe?*
*But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!*
*Ladies are often cruel to their cost:*
*To give you pain, themselves they punish most.*
*Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;*
*Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.*
*Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves—you may*
*Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say,*
*We hate you when you're easily said nay.*
*How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?*
*Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.*
*Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,*
*Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:*
*We give to merit, and to wealth we sell:*
*He sighs with most success that settles well.*
*The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:*
*'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.*
*Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue*
*Those lively lessons we have learnt from you.*
*Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,*
*But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms,*

*What pains to get the gaudy things you hate,*
*To swell in show, and be a wretch in state.*
*At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;*
*E'en churches are no sanctuaries now:*
*There golden idols all your vows receive,*
*She is no goddess that has nought to give.*
*Oh, may once more the happy age appear,*
*When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere:*
*When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,*
*And courts less coveted than groves and springs:*
*Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,*
*And constancy feel transport in its chains:*
*Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,*
*And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:*
*Virtue again to its bright station climb,*
*And beauty fear no enemy but time;*
*The fair shall listen to desert alone,*
*And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's son.*

THE END.

# *JANE SHORE.*

A

TRAGEDY.

By N. ROWE, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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MDCCXCI.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF

# *QUEENSBERRY AND DOVER,*

## *MARQUIS OF BEVERLEY, &c.*

MY LORD,

*I HAVE long lain under the greatest obligation to your Grace's family, and nothing has been more in my wishes, than that I might be able to discharge some part, at least, of so large a debt. But your noble birth and fortune, the power, number, and goodness of those friends you have already, have placed you in such an independency on the rest of the world, that the services I am able to render to your Grace, can never be advantageous, I am sure not necessary, to you in any part of your life. However, the next piece of gratitude, and the only one I am capable of, is the acknowledgment of what I owe: and as this is the most public, and indeed the only way I have of doing it, your Grace will pardon me, if I take this opportunity, to let the world know the duty and honour I had for your illustrious father. It is, I must confess, a very tender point to touch upon; and at the first sight, may seem an ill-chosen compliment, to renew the memory of such a loss, especially to a disposition so sweet and gentle, and to a heart so sensible of filial piety, as your Grace's has been, even*

*from your earliest childhood. But perhaps, this is one of those griefs, by which the heart may be made better; and if the remembrance of his death bring heaviness along with it, the honour that is paid to his memory by all good men, shall wipe away those tears, and the example of his life, set before your eyes, shall be of the greatest advantage to your Grace, in the conduct and future disposition of your own.*

*In a character so amiable, as that of the Duke of Queensberry was, there can be no part so proper to begin with, as that which was in him, and is in all good men, the foundation of all other virtues, either religious or civil, I mean good-nature: Good-nature, which is friendship between man and man, good-breeding in courts, charity in religion, and the true spring of all beneficence in general. This was a quality he possessed in as great a measure as any gentleman I ever had the honour to know. It was this natural sweetness of temper, which made him the best man in the world to live with, in any kind of relation. It was this made him a good master to his servants, a good friend to his friends, and the tenderest father to his children. For the last, I can have no better voucher than your Grace; and for the rest, I may appeal to all that have had the honour to know him. There was a spirit and pleasure in his conversation, which always enlivened the company he was in; which, together with a certain easiness*

*and frankness in his disposition, that did not at all derogate from the dignity of his birth and character, rendered him infinitely agreeable. And as no man had a more delicate taste of natural wit, his conversation always abounded in good-humours.*

*For those parts of his character which related to the public, as he was a nobleman of the first rank, and a minister of state, they will be best known by the great employments he passed through; all which he discharged worthily as to himself, justly to the princes who employed him, and advantageously for his country. There is no occasion to enumerate his several employments, as secretary of state, for Scotland in particular, for Britain in general, or lord high commissioner of Scotland; which last office he bore more than once; but at no time more honourably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the present age and for posterity, than when he laid the foundation for the British Union. The constancy and address which he manifested on that occasion, are still fresh in every body's memory; and perhaps when our children shall reap those benefits from that work, which some people do not foresee and hope for now, they may remember the Duke of Queensberry with that gratitude, which such a piece of service done to his country deserves.*

*He shewed, upon all occasions, a strict and im-*

*mediate attachment to the crown, in the legal service of which, no man could exert himself more dutifully, nor more strenuously: and at the same time, no man gave more bold and more generous evidences of the love he bore to his country. Of the latter, there can be no better proof, than the share he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful respect, and unshaken fidelity, which he preserved for her present majesty, even to his last moments.*

*With so many good and great qualities, it is not at all strange that he possessed so large a share, as he was known to have, in the esteem of the queen, and her immediate predecessor; nor that those great princes should repose the highest confidence in him: and at the same time, what a pattern has he left behind him for the nobility in general, and for your Grace in particular, to copy after!*

*Your Grace will forgive me, if my zeal for your welfare and honour (which nobody has more at heart than myself) shall press you with some more than ordinary warmth to the imitation of your noble father's virtues. You have, my lord, many great advantages, which may encourage you to go on in pursuit of this reputation: it has pleased God to give you naturally that sweetness of temper, which, as I have before hinted, is the foundation of all good inclina-*

*tions. You have the honour to be born, not only of the greatest, but of the best parents; of a gentleman generally beloved, and generally lamented; and of a lady adorned with all virtues that enter into the character of a good wife, an admirable friend, and a most indulgent mother. The natural advantages of your mind, have been cultivated by the most proper arts and manners of education. You have the care of many noble friends, and especially of an excellent uncle, to watch over you in the tenderness of your youth. You set out amongst the first of mankind, and I doubt not but your virtues will be equal to the dignity of your rank.*

*That I may live to see your Grace eminent for the love of your country, for your service and duty to your prince, and, in convenient time, adorned with all the honours that have ever been conferred upon your noble family: that you may be distinguished to posterity, as the bravest, greatest, and best man of the age you live in, is the hearty wish and prayer of*

*My Lord,*

*Your Grace's most obedient, and*

*most faithful, humble servant,*

*N. ROWE.*

# JANE SHORE.

THIS Play is attractive upon various accounts—It presents a familiar picture of well-known events, treated with much delicacy and skill—and its moral use is also great, as exemplifying upon the fickleness of high fortune, and the gloomy proof, that the friendship which courts the summer of prosperity is blighted by the winter of adversity.

But ROWE never suffered a stronger delusion of the mind than that, which whispered to him, that his Play bore a resemblance to the weightier productions of SHAKSPERE. ROWE is not without his strength of sentiment—he can express an axiom of policy or morals nervously, and with considerable splendour; but the reflex picture of the mind, the labouring progression of thought, or the retrospective anguish of guilty compunction, are all beyond his grasp.—He is little accustomed to the inward search after natural feeling, and the self-imposed state of artificial being—He studied Books, rather than MAN in *himself.*

Yet there are tender and soothing passages in this Play—there is a well apposed succession of striking

events, that interest as they are embellished facts, and have a merit that would make them interest even if they were fictitious.

## PROLOGUE.

*To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,*
*We'll treat you with a downright English feast:*
*A tale, which told long since in homely wise,*
*Hath never fail'd of melting gentle eyes.*
*Let no nice sir despise our hapless dame,*
*Because recording ballads chaunt her name;*
*Those venerable ancient song-enditers*
*Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:*
*They caterwaul'd in no romantic ditty,*
*Sighing for Phillis's, or Chloe's pity.*
*Justly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,*
*And sung her by her christian name—'twas Jane.*
*Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,*
*But what we've gain'd in verse, we've lost in prose.*
*Their words no shuffling, double-meaning knew,*
*Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.*
*In such an age, immortal Shakspere wrote,*
*By no quaint rules, nor hampering critics taught;*
*With rough majestic force he mov'd the heart,*
*And strength and nature made amends for art.*
*Our humble author does his steps pursue,*
*He owns he had the mighty bard in view;*
*And in these scenes has made it more his care,*
*To rouze the passions, than to charm the ear.*

*Yet for those gentle beaux, who love the chime,*
*The ends of acts still jingle into rhime.*
*The ladies too, he hopes, will not complain,*
*Here are some subjects for a softer strain,*
*A nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd swain.*
*What most he fears, is, lest the dames should frown,*
*The dames of wit and pleasure about town,*
*To see our picture drawn unlike their own.*
*But lest that error should provoke to fury*
*The hospitable hundreds of old Drury,*
*He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's defence,*
*She dole'd about the charitable pence,*
*Built hospitals, turn'd saint, and dy'd long since.*
*For her example, whatsoe'er we make it,*
*They have their choice to let alone or take it.*
*Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,*
*To weep so sorely, for a sin so sweet:*
*Or mourn and mortify the pleasant sense,*
*To rise in tragedy two ages hence.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *DRURY-LANE.*

*Men.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Duke of GLOSTER, | Mr. Aickin. |
| Lord HASTINGS, | Mr. Kemble. |
| CATESBY, | Mr. Phillimore. |
| Sir RICHARD RATCLIFFE, | Mr. Benson. |
| BELMOUR, | Mr. Packer. |
| DUMONT, | Mr. Bensley. |

*Women.*

| | |
|---|---|
| ALICIA, | Mrs. Ward. |
| JANE SHORE, | Mrs. Siddons. |

*Several lords of the council, guards, and attendants.*

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

*Men.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Duke of GLOSTER, | Mr. Aickin. |
| Lord HASTINGS, | Mr. Holman. |
| CATESBY, | Mr. Thompson. |
| Sir RICHARD RATCLIFFE, | Mr. Gardner. |
| BELMOUR, | Mr. Hull. |
| DUMONT, | Mr. Farren. |
| DERBY, | Mr. Evatt |
| Servant, | Mr. Ledger. |

*Women.*

| | |
|---|---|
| ALICIA, | Miss Brunton. |
| JANE SHORE, | Mrs. Pope. |

*Several lords of the council, guards, and attendants.*

SCENE, *London.*

# JANE SHORE.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*The Tower. Enter the Duke of* GLOCESTER, *Sir* RICHARD RATCLIFFE, *and* CATESBY.

*Glocester.*

THUS far success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answer'd to my wish;
The queen and all her upstart race are quell'd;
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers,
Ere this, lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, nam'd me
Protector of the realm. My brother's children,
Young Edward and the little York, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face?
The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty
Seem hung within my reach.

*Rat.* Then take 'em to you,
And wear 'em long and worthily. You are

*Glost.* In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.

*Hast.* I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.

*Glost.* Say you, of Shore?

*Hast.* Once a bright star, that held her place on high:
The first and fairest of our English dames,
While royal Edward held the sov'reign rule.
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waining form no longer shall incite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.
She never sees the sun, but thro' her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.

*Glost.* Marry! the times are badly chang'd with her,
From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masquing;
'Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A shew of mommery without a meaning.
My brother, rest and pardon to his soul,
Is gone to his account; for this his minion,
The revel rout is done—But you were speaking
Concerning her—I have been told, that you
Are frequent in your visitation to her.

*Hast.* No farther, my good lord, than friendly pity,
And tender-hearted charity allow.

*Glost.* Go to; I did not mean to chide you for it.

For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distress'd——On with your tale.

*Hast.* Thus it is, gracious sir, that certain officers,
Using the warrant of your mighty name,
With insolence unjust, and lawless power,
Have seiz'd upon the lands which late she held
By grant, from her great master Edward's bounty.

*Glost.* Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard;
And tho' some counsellors of forward zeal,
Some of most ceremonious sanctity,
And bearded wisdom, often have provok'd
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still, in kind compassion of her weakness,
And tender memory of Edward's love,
I have withheld the merciless stern law
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.

*Hast.* Good Heav'n, who, renders mercy back for mercy,
With open-handed bounty shall repay you:
This gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,
And the long train of frailties flesh is heir to.

*Glost.* Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only:
Our farther and more full extent of grace
Is given to your request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her griefs.
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong
At full redress'd. But I have other news,
Which much import us both; for still my fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours: our common foes,

The queen's relations, our new-fangled gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty crests—That for your pr
vacy. [*Exeu*

## *SCENE II.*

*An Apartment in* JANE SHORE*'s House. Enter* BE
MOUR *and* DUMONT.

*Bel.* How she has liv'd you have heard my tale a
ready,
The rest your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place yo
And nearer observation, best will tell you.
See, with what sad and sober cheer she comes.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard. Save you, fair lady,
The blessings of the cheerful morn be on you,
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets.

*J. Sh.* My gentle neighbour, your good wishes sti
Pursue my hapless fortunes! Ah, good Belmour!
How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity?
Like thee reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep?
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine,
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentlema

Whose friendly service you commended to me?

*Bel.* Madam, it is.

*J. Sh.* A venerable aspect. [*Aside.*

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well try'd, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill, [*To* Dum.
Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.
But to supply these golden vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership
Of all that little good the world allows me.

*Dum.* You over-rate me much; and all my answer
Must be my future truth; let them speak for me,
And make up my deserving.

*J. Sh.* Are you of England?

*Dum.* No, gracious lady, Flanders claims my birth;
At Antwerp has my constant biding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days
Than these which now my failing age affords.

*J. Sh.* Alas! at Antwerp,!—Oh, forgive my tears!
[*Weeping.*
They fall for my offences—and must fall
Long, long ere they shall wash my stains away.
You knew perhaps—Oh grief! oh shame!—my husband.

*Dum.* I knew him well—but stay this flood of anguish,
The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold corse with holy drops,
According to our church's rev'rend rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd ground, to rest.

*J. Sh.* Oh, that my soul had known no joy but him!
That I had liv'd within his guiltless arms,
And dying slept in innocence beside him!
But now his dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.

*J. Sh.* Say I wish to see her. [*Exit Servant.*
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead me.

[*Exeunt* Belmour *and* Dumont.

*Enter* ALICIA.

*Alic.* Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,

As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back?

*J. Sh.* No, my Alicia,
Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'er past,
That I could wish to take its turn again.

*Alic.* And yet some of those days my friend has known,
Some of those years might pass for golden ones,
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet?

*J. Sh.* 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth;
He was the very joy of all that saw him.
Form'd to delight, to love and to persuade.
" Impassive spirits and angelic natures
" Might have been charm'd, like yielding human weakness,
" Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.
But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest, and most lovely, was my curse.

*Alic.* Sure, something more than fortune join'd
your loves:
Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.

*J. Sh.* Name him no more:
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
E'er yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

*Alic.* Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows;
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these,
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mist.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern Protector,
And soothe his savage temper with thy beauty:
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He shall be mov'd to pity, and redress thee.

*J. Sh.* My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But haggard grief, lean-looking sallow care,

And pining discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only shadow of a hope is left me;
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly undertaken to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.

*Alic.* Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause?
But wherefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty;
But yours shall charm him long.

*J. Sh.* Away, you flatterer!
Nor change his gen'rous meaning with a weakness,
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has prov'd,
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danc'd away:
May the remaining few know only friendship.
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there; I will give up mankind,
Forget the transports of increasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.

*Alic.* Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom;
[*Embracing.*
Safe and unrival'd there possess thy own;
And you, the brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints that once were women here below,
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,

Which here to this my other self I vow.
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,
Than every other joy the world can give;
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth,
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship.

*J. Sh.* Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;
[*Giving a casket.*
Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.

*Alic.* My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; "the poor, the pris'ner,
"The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
"Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
"Shall cry to Heav'n and pull a blessing on thee;"
Ev'n man, the merciless insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,

Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.

*J. Sh.* Why should I think that man will do for me,
What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd:
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame:
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Continues.* *Enter* ALICIA, *speaking to* JANE SHORE *as entering.*

*Alicia.*

No farther, gentle friend; good angels guard you,
And spread their gracious wings about your slumbers.
The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsmen and o'er-labour'd hind

Forget the travail of the day in sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness;
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,
Restless and self-tormented! Oh, false Hastings!
Thou hast destroy'd my peace. [*Knocking without.*
What noise is that?
What visitor is this, who with bold freedom,
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,
With such a rude approach?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* One from the court,
Lord Hastings (as I think) demands my lady.

*Alic.* Hastings! Be still, my heart, and try to meet him
With his own arts: with falshood—But he comes.

*Enter Lord* HASTINGS, *speaks to a Servant as entering.*

*Hast.* Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate encounter!
But be it as it may.

*Alic.* When humbly, thus,
The great descend to visit the afflicted,
When thus, unmindful of their rest, they come
To sooth the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
Comfort comes with them; like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence
And chears the melancholy house of care.

*Hast.* 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a courtesy,
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it,
To nip and blast its favour, like a frost;
But rather chose, at this late hour, to come,
That your fair friend may know I have prevail'd;
The lord protector has receiv'd her suit,
And means to shew her grace.

*Alic.* My friend! my lord.

*Hast.* Yes, lady, yours: none has a right more ample
To task my pow'r than you.

*Alic.* I want the words,
To pay you back a compliment so courtly;
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
And wo' not die your debtor.

*Hast.* 'Tis well, madam.
But I would see your friend.

*Alic.* Oh, thou false lord!
I would be mistress of my heaving heart,
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
To dress my face in easy dull indiff'rence:
But 'two' not be; my wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.

*Hast.* Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving, this transporting passion?

*Alic.* Oh, thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant.
Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?

Am I not scorn'd, forsaken, and abandon'd,
Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy,
Giv'n up to be the sport of villains' tongues,
Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons;
And all because my soul has doated on thee
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable?

*Hast.* Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
These never-ceasing wailings and complainings,
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
Which every other moment rise to madness?

*Alic.* What proof, alas! have I not giv'n of love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has giv'n thee all;
And now, I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.

*Hast.* Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,
Kept in the view, and cross'd at every turn?
In vain I fly, and, like a hunted deer,
Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert;
E'er I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.

*Alic.* Hither you fly, and here you seek repose;
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
Your pious, charitable midnight visits.

*Hast.* If you are wise, and prize your peace of m

Yet take the friendly counsel of my love;
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Let not that devil, which undoes your sex,
That cursed curiosity seduce you,
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet; but once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
Go to—be yet advis'd—

*Alic.* Dost thou in scorn,
Preach patience to my rage, and bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'st wrong'd me? Ruin seize thee,
And swift perdition overtake thy treachery.
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt?
Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falsehood?
To hide it might have spoke some little tenderness,
And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
But thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity,
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confess'd it;
Ev'n now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious villany.

*Hast.* Well, then, I own my heart has broke your chains.
Patient I bore the painful bondage long,
At length my gen'rous love disdains your tyranny;
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Vexatious days, and jarring, joyless nights,

Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.

*Alic.* You triumph! do! and with gigantic pride
Defy impending vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,
Nor send his lightnings forth: no more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury, like thine, shall dwell in safety.

*Hast.* Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better angel!
Preserve me from the storm that threatens now,
And if I have beyond attonement sinn'd,
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.

*Alic.* Thy pray'r is heard—I go—but know, proud lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in pow'r and greatness plac'd,
With royal favour guarded round and grac'd;
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height;
Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [*Exit.*

*Hast.* How fierce a fiend is passion! With what wildness,
What tyranny untam'd it reigns in woman!
Unhappy sex! whose easy yielding temper

Gives way to ev'ry appetite alike:
" Each gust of inclination, uncontrol'd,
" Sweeps thro' their souls and sets them in an uproar;
" Each motion of the heart rises to fury,"
And love in their weak bosoms is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
" So the wind roars o'er the wide fenceless ocean,
" And heaves the billows of the boiling deep,
" Alike from north, from south, from east, from west;
" With equal force the tempest blows by turns
" From every corner of the seaman's compass."
But soft ye now—for here comes one, disclaims
Strife and her wrangling train; of equal elements,
Without one jarring atom was she form'd,
And gentleness and joy make up her being.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late
To greet you with the tidings of success.
The princely Gloster has vouchsaf'd your hearing,
To-morrow he expects you at the court;
There plead your cause, with never-failing beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.

*J. Sh.* Thus humbly let your lowly servant bend.
[*Kneeling.*
Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness.

*Hast.* Rise, gentle dame, you wrong my meaning much,
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these.
*J. Sh.* 'Tis true, your bounty is beyond my speaking:
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breathe one pray'r for you,
If pray'rs of such a wretch are heard on high,
That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.
*Hast.* If there be ought of merit in my service,
Impute it there, where most 'tis due, to love;
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty.
*J. Sh.* Alas! my lord——
*Hast.* Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?
Why breathes that sigh, my love? And wherefore falls
This trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweetness?
*J. Sh.* If pity dwells within your noble breast,
(As sure it does) Oh, speak not to me thus.
*Hast.* Can I behold thee, and not speak of love?
Ev'n now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,

Till my soul faints, and sickens with desire;
How canst thou give this motion to my heart,
And bid my tongue be still?

*J. Sh.* Cast round your eyes
Upon the high-born beauties of the court;
Behold, like opening roses, where they bloom,
Sweet to the sense, unsully'd all, and spotless;
There choose some worthy partner of your heart,
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed;
Nor turn your eyes this way, "where sin and misery,
"Like loathsome weeds, have over-run the soil,
"And the destroyer, Shame, has laid all waste."

*Hast.* What means this peevish, this fantastic change?
Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face,
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy wit, and sportive mirth?
That chearful heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And cast a day of gladness all around thee?

*J. Sh.* Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,
My soul is justly humbled to the dust:
All tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.
"Yet let the saints be witness to this truth,
"That now, tho' late, I look with horror back,
"That I detest my wretched self, and curse
"My past polluted life. All-judging Heav'n,

" Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for them."

*Hast.* No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance,
" When the decaying sense is pall'd with pleasure,
" And weary nature tires in her last stage;
" Then weep and tell thy beads, when alt'ring rheums
" Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,
" And failing palsies shake thy wither'd hand."
The present moment claims more gen'rous use;
Thy beauty, night and solitude, reproach me,
For having talk'd thus long—come let me press thee,
[*Laying hold of her.*
Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious flood.

" *J. Sh.* Never! by those chaste lights above, I swear,
" My soul shall never know pollution more;"
Forbear, my lord!—here let me rather die:
[*Kneeling.*
" Let quick destruction overtake me here,"
And end my sorrows and my shame for ever.

*Hast.* Away with this perverseness,—'tis too much.
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous affectation!
[*Striving.*

*J. Sh.* Retire! I beg you leave me—

*Hast.* Thus to coy it!——
With one who knows you too.——

*J. Sh.* For mercy's sake——

*Hast.* Ungrateful woman! Is it thus you pay
My services?———
*J. Sh.* Abandon me to ruin——
Rather than urge me——
*Hast.* This way to your chamber; [*Pulling her.*
There if you struggle——
*J. Sh.* Help, oh, gracious Heaven!
Help! Save me! Help! [*Exit.*

*Enter* DUMONT, *he interposes.*

*Dum.* My lord! for honour's sake——
*Hast.* Hah! What art thou?—Begone!
*Dum.* My duty calls me
To my attendance on my mistress here.
" *J. Sh.* For pity, let me go"——
*Hast.* Avaunt! base groom——
At distance wait, and know thy office better.
*Dum.* " Forgo your hold, my lord!" 'tis most unmanly
This violence———
*Hast.* Avoid the room this moment,
" Or I will tread thy soul out."
*Dum.* No, my lord——
The common ties of manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless woman.
*Hast.* And dost thou know me, slave?
*Dum.* Yes, thou proud lord!
I know thee well; know thee with each advantage
Which wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.

I know thee, too, for one who stains those honours,
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman.

*Hast.* 'Tis wond'rous well! I see, my saint-like dame,
You stand provided of your braves and ruffians,
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.

*Dum.* Take back the foul reproach, unmanner'd railer!
Nor urge my rage too far, lest thou should'st find
I have as daring spirits in my blood
As thou or any of thy race e'er boasted;
And tho' no gaudy titles grac'd my birth,
" Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
" Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
" The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants,"
Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.

*Hast.* Insolent villain! henceforth let this teach thee [*Draws and strikes him.*
The distance 'twixt a peasant and a prince.

*Dum.* Nay, then, my lord, [*drawing*] learn you by this, how well
An arm resolv'd can guard its master's life.
[*They fight.*

" *J. Sh.* Oh my distracting fears! hold, for sweet Heav'n "
[*They fight,* Dumont *disarms Lord* Hastings.

*Hast.* Confusion! baffled by a base-born hind!

*Dum.* Now, haughty sir, where is our difference now?

Your life is in my hand, and did not honour,
The gentleness of blood, and inborn virtue
(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my bosom, I should take the forfeit.
But wear your sword again; and know, a lord
Oppos'd against a man, is but a man.

*Hast.* Curse on my failing arm! Your better fortune
Has given you vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance.

[*Exit* Hastings.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

*J. Sh.* Alas! what have ye done? Know ye the pow'r,
The mightiness, that waits upon this lord?

*Dum.* Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 'tis a cause
In which Heaven's guards shall wait you. O pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to virtue; let not danger,
Nor the incumb'ring world, make faint your purpose.
Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your days with peace.

*J. Sh.* Oh, that my head were laid, my sad eyes clos'd,
And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest!
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moment's peace till then.

*Dum.* Would you be happy, leave this fatal place;
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood;

Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the masques of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure.

*J. Sh.* Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of friends, and all the means of life bereft?

*Dum.* Belmour, whose friendly care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seem'd dispos'd;
No neighbours, but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning priest:
No faction, or domestic fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place,
When the contending nobles shook the land
With York and Lancaster's disputed sway.
Your virtue there may find a safe retreat
From the insulting pow'rs of wicked greatness.

*J. Sh.* Can there be so much happiness in store!
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.
Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,
E'er the clouds gather, and the wint'ry sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.

*Dum.* Will you then go! You glad my very soul.
Banish your fears, cast all your cares on me;
Plenty and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,
And make your latter days of life most happy.
Oh, lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.
So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The Court. Enter* ALICIA, *with a paper.*

*Alicia.*

THIS paper to the great protector's hand,
With care and secrecy, must be convey'd;
His bold ambition now avows its aim,
To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,

And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless Hastings adverse to his hopes,
And much devoted to the orphan king;
On that I build: this paper meets his doubts,
And marks my hated rival as the cause
Of Hasting's zeal for his dead master's sons.
Oh, jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
"Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms,"
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness?
See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing,
Now my chang'd eyes are blasted with her beauty;
Loath that known face, and sicken to behold her.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

"*J. Sh.* Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
"What charitable hand will aid me now?
"Will stay my falling steps, support my ruins,
"And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?"
Oh, my Alicia!

*Alic.* What new grief is this?
What unforeseen misfortune has surpriz'd thee,
That racks thy tender heart thus?

*J. Sh.* Oh, Dumont!

*Alic.* Say what of him?

*J. Sh.* That friendly, honest man,
Whom Belmour brought of late to my assistance,
On whose kind care, whose diligence and faith,

My surest trust was built, this very morn
Was seiz'd on by the cruel hand of power,
Forc'd from my house, and born away to prison.

*Alic.* To prison, said you! Can you guess the cause?

*J. Sh.* Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.

*Alic.* Lord Hastings! Ha!

*J. Sh.* Some fitter time must tell thee
The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contain'd;
Here as the princely Gloster passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble knees,
And move him for redress.

[*She gives the paper to* Alicia, *who opens and seems to read it.*

*Alic.* [*Aside.*] Now for a wile,
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart;
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjur'd Hastings' eyes:
"The wanderer may then look back to me,
"And turn to his forsaken home again;"
Their fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[*Pulling out the other paper.*

*J. Sh.* But see the great protector comes this way,
"Attended by a train of waiting courtiers."
Give me the paper, friend.

*Alic.* [*Aside.*] For love and vengeance!

[*She gives her the other paper.*

*Enter the Duke of* GLOSTER, *Sir* RICHARD RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, *Courtiers, and other Attendants.*

*J. Sh.* [*Kneeling.*] Oh, noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,
Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint,
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

*Glost.* Arise, fair dame, and dry your wat'ry eyes.
[*Receiving the paper, and raising her.*
Beshrew me, but 'twere pity of his heart
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress.
Y'have got a noble friend to be your advocate;
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present Now
Some matters of the state detain our leisure;
Those once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go to! be comforted.

*J. Sh.* Good Heav'ns repay your highness for this pity,
And show'r down blessings on your princely head.
Come, my Alicia, reach thy friendly arm,
And help me to support this feeble frame,
That nodding totters with oppressive woe,
And sinks beneath its load. [*Exeunt* J. Sh. *and* Alic.

*Glost.* Now by my holidame!
Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is when rude calamity
Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions;

The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the shock. What says her paper?
[*Seeming to read.*
Ha! what is this? Come nearer, Ratcliffe! Catesby!
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning.
[*He reads.*

*Wonder not, princely Gloster, at the notice*
*This paper brings you from a friend unknown;*
*Lord Hastings is inclin'd to call you master,*
*And kneel to Richard, as to England's king;*
*But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,*
*And draws his service, to King Edward's sons;*
*Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,*
*And he, and all his powers, attend you.*

*Rat.* 'Tis wonderful!

*Cat.* The means by which it came
Yet stranger too!

*Glost.* You saw it given, but now.

*Rat.* She could not know the purport.

*Glost.* No, 'tis plain——
She knows it not, it levels at her life;
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling harlot, dear she should abide it.

*Cat.* What hand soe'er it comes from, be assur'd,
It means your highness well——

*Glost.* Upon the instant,
Lord Hastings will be hear; this morn I mean
To prove him to the quick; then if he flinch,
No more but this—away with him at once,

He must be mine or nothing——But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well.
[*They whisp*

*Enter Lord* HASTINGS.

*Hast.* This foolish woman hangs about my heart
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on, 'tis art and cunning,
And worn to urge desire——I must possess her.
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me,
E'er this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my pow'r.

*Glost.* This do, and wait me e'er the council sits.
[*Exeunt* Rat. *and* C

My lord, y'are well encountred; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

*Hast.* Your highness binds me ever to your servic

*Glost.* You know your friendship is most pote
with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear;
The state is out of tune: distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;

Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are with-held,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

*Hast.* The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine; it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

*Glost.* Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

*Hast.* 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sov'reign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

*Glost.* The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to control;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the common-weal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

*Hast.* Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this———

*Glost.* Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widow
The queen he left behind him———

*Hast.* Ill befall
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence

With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sov'reign rule should take hence-
forward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brain,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?

*Glost.* What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?

*Hast.* Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels; who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

*Glost.* You go too far, my lord.

*Hast.* Your highness' pardon———
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
" And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
" Of horror and affright to passers by,"
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid

The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?

*Glost.* How now! so hot!

*Hast.* So brave, and so resolv'd.

*Glost.* Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?

*Hast.* I hope your highness does not think I mean it;
No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

*Glost.* Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you; [*Embraces him.*
By holy Paul, y'are a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends

"*Hast.* Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay,
" Oh, princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
" Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
" If, when the public safety is in question,
" My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

" *Glost.* Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment
" Is much against the plainness of my nature:
" I judge you by myself, a clear truespirit,
" And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
" Farewell, and be my friend." [*Exit* Glost.
*Hast.* I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest point; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good. [*Exit.*

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Continues. Enter Duke of* GLOSTER, RATCLIFFE *and* CATESBY.

*Gloster.*

THIS was the sum of all: that he would brook
No alteration in the present state.

Marry, at last, the testy gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance;
But there I dropt the argument, and changing
The first design and purport of my speech,
I prais'd his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in this forementiond matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship.

*Rat.* Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd
This lord had stood with us. "His friends are wealthy;
"Thereto, his own possessions large and mighty;
"The vassals and dependants on his power
"Firm in adherence, ready, bold, and many;"
His name had been of vantage to your highness,
And stood our present purpose much in stead.

*Glost.* This wayward and perverse declining from us,
Has warranted at full the friendly notice,
Which we this morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
This puling, whining harlot rules his reason,
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.

*Cat.* If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate;
And should, by inference and apt deduction,
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,
The very means immediate to her being,
The bounty of your hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?

*Rat.* Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message;

Teach every grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluded eyes to gloat for you;
His ductile reason will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the yoke, and yield exact obedience.

*Glost.* Your counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd.
She waits without, attending on her suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* Ratcliffe *and* Catesby.

How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!
A moppet made of prettiness and pride;
That oftener does her giddy fancies change,
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours—
Now, shame upon it! was our reason given
For such a use! "To be thus puff'd about
"Like a dry leaf, an idle straw, a feather,
"The sport of every whiffling blast that blows?
"Beshrew my heart, but it is wond'rous strange;"
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your grievance: and tho' some there are,
Nay, and those great ones too, who wou'd enforce
The rigour of our power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand; yet fear not you:

We've ta'en you to our favour; our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

*J. Sh.* The blessings of a heart with anguish broken,
And rescu'd from despair, attend your highness.
Alas! my gracious lord, what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
" If in the days of all my past offences,
" When most my heart was lifted with delight,
" If I withheld my morsel from the hungry,
" Forgot the widow's want, and orphan's cry;
" If I have known a good I have not shar'd,
" Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me,
" Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
" Deny the succour, which I gave not then."

*Glost.* Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in affairs of state:
That you presume to prattle, like a busy-body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' th' council
What fits the order of the common-weal.

*J. Sh.* Oh, that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
" To tread the mazes of fantastic falsehood,
" To haunt their idle sounds and flying tales,
" Thro' all the giddy, noisy courts of rumour;
" Malicious slander never would have leisure"
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

*Glost.* Go to! I know your pow'r; and tho' I trust not
To ev'ry breath of fame, I'm not to learn
That Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.
But fair befall your beauty: use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour.
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you

*J. Sh.* Oh! where or how—Can my unworthy hand
Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.

*Glost.* Why, that's well said—Thus then—Observe me well,
The state, for many high and potent reasons,
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown—

*J. Sh.* Alas! for pity.

*Glost.* Therefore have resolv'd
To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands.
This, tho' of great importance to the public,
Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.

*J. Sh.* Does he? Does Hastings?

*Glost.* Ay, Hastings.

*J. Sh.* Reward him for the noble deed, just Heav'ns:
For this one action, guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance,
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame.
Let never fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name, ev'n to time's end:
" Let him know nothing else but good on earth,
" And everlasting blessedness hereafter."

*Glost.* How now!

*J. Sh.* The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible! Oh, gallant, generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue! assert the sacred cause:
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.

*Glost.* You're passing rich in this same heav'nly speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.

*J. Sh.* No, tho' the royal Edward has undone me,
He was my king, my gracious master still;
" He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty flame,
" And fatal to my peace, yet still he lov'd me;
" With fondness, and with tenderness he doated,
" Dwelt in my eyes, and liv'd but in my smiles:"

And can I—O my heart abhors the thought!
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right?
*Glost.* Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart me further!
None of your arts, your feigning and your foolery;
Your dainty squeamish coying it to me;
Go—to your lord, your paramour, begone!
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him.
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head.
*J. Sh.* Oh, that my tongue had ev'ry grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
" Sweet as the poet's numbers, and prevailing
" As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid;"
That I had art and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead, till death, the cause of injur'd innocence.
*Glost.* Ha! Dost thou brave me, minion! Dost thou know
How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make thee?
" That I can let loose fear, distress, and famine,
" To hunt thy heels, like hell-hounds, thro' the world;"
That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee; where, repining,
Thou shalt sit down and gnaw the earth for anguish;
Groan to the pitiless winds without return;

Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desart,
And curse thy life, in bitterness and misery?

*J. Sh.* Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
E'er I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him.

*Glost.* 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart,
What hoa! who waits without?

*Enter* RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, *and Attendants.*

*Rat.* Your highness' pleasure——

*Glost.* Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet forth!
Spurn her into the street; there let her perish,
And rot upon a dunghill. Thro' the city
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,
Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
" The purchase of her loose luxurious life,
We seize on, for the profit of the state.
Away! Be gone!

*J. Sh.* Oh, thou most righteous judge—
Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy justice in this hard decree:
No longer, then, my ripe offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,

For my past crimes my forfeit life receive;
No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

[*Exit* J. Shore, *guarded by* Catesby *and others.*

*Glost.* So much for this. Your project's at an end.

[*To* Rat.

This idle toy, this hilding scorns my power,
And sets us all at naught. See that a guard
Be ready at my call.—

*Rat.* The council waits
Upon your highness' leisure.——

*Glost.* Bid them enter.

*Enter the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *Earl of* DERBY, *Bishop of* ELY, *Lord* HASTINGS, *and others as to the council. The Duke of* GLOSTER *takes his place at the upper end, then the rest sit.*

*Derb.* In happy times we are assembled here,
To point the day, and fix the solemn pomp,
For placing England's crown, with all due rites,
Upon our sov'reign Edward's youthful brow.

*Hast.* Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said, there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal right;
Therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest,
T' appoint the order of the coronation!
So to approve our duty to the king,
And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

*Derb.* We all attend to know your highness' pleasure.

[*To* Gloster.

*Glost.* My lords, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state;
Therefore, to your most grave determination
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
T' inflict upon those damnable contrivers,
Who shall with potions, charms, and witching drug
Practise against our person and our life?

*Hast.* So much I hold the king your highnes
debtor,
So precious are you to the common-weal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.

*Glost.* Then judge yourselves, convince your eye
of truth:
Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and wither'd,
[*Pulling up his sleeve.*
Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons.
Robb'd of its properties of strength and office.
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And other like confed'rate midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres ffom the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work,
To torture and despoil me of my life.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed—

*Glost.* If they have done it!
Talk'st thou to me of If's, audacious traitor!
Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,
The patron and complotter of her mischiefs,
And join'd in this contrivance for my death.
Nay start not, lords—What ho! a guard there, S

*Enter Guards.*

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.
He sha' not live an hour. By holy Paul,
I will not dine before his head be brought me.
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and the Lords follow*

*Manent Lord* HASTINGS, RATCLIFFE, *and Guard*

*Hast.* What! and no more but this—How! to scaffold:
Oh, gentle Ratcliffe! tell me, do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle thro' this dread confusion?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden horror and surprise.

*Rat.* You heard, the duke's commands to me w absolute.
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift,
With all good speed you may. Summon your coura
And be yourself; for you must die this instant.

*Hast.* Yes, Ratcliffe, I will take thy friendly cou

And die as a man should; 'tis somewhat hard,
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once:
But since what must be, must be—let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run;
"Tis but to do, what at that very moment,
"In many nations of the peopled earth,
"A thousand and a thousand shall do with me;"
'Tis but to close my eyes and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,
The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

*Enter* ALICIA.

*Alic.* Stand off, and let me pass—I will I must
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart—O Hastings! Hastings!

*Hast.* Alas! why com'st thou at this dreadful moment,
To fill me with new terrors, new distractions;
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away, I pr'ythee leave me!

*Alic.* Stop a minute———
Till my full griefs find passage—Oh, the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine.

*Hast.* What means thy frantic grief?

*Alic.* I cannot speak———
But I have murder'd thee—Oh, I could tell thee!

*Hast.* Speak and give ease to thy conflicting passion,
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense,
Time presses, and a thousand crowding thoughts
Break in at once! this way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurry'd soul: All claim attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh! speak, and leave me,
For I have business would employ an age,
And but a minute's time to get it done in.

*Alic.* That, that's my grief—'tis I that urge thee on,
Thus haunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of fate.

*Hast.* Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak hand
Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,
That nothing but my life can make attonement?

*Alic.* Thy cruel scorn hath stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my revenge,
And writ I know not what—told the protector,
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles, had won thee
To plot against his greatness—He believ'd it,
(Oh, dire event of my pernicious counsel!)
And, while I meant destruction on her head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine.

" *Hast.* Accursed jealousy!

" Oh, merciless, wild, and unforgiving fiend!
" Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd mischief,
" And murders all it meets. Curst be its rage,
" For there is none so deadly; doubly curs'd
" Be all those easy fools who give it harbour;
" Who turn a monster loose among mankind,
" Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence;
" Baneful as death, and horrible as hell.
" *Alic.* If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own falsehood;
" Curse the lewd maxims of thy perjur'd sex,
" Which taught thee first to laugh at faith and justice;
" To scorn the solemn sanctity of oaths,
" And make a jest of a poor woman's ruin:
" Curse thy proud heart, and thy insulting tongue,
" That rais'd this fatal fury in my soul,
" And urg'd my vengeance to undo us both."

*Hast.* Oh, thou inhuman! Turn thy eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive beams:
Why should I curse thee with my dying breath?
Begone! and let me die in peace.

*Alic.* Can'st thou—Oh, cruel Hastings, leave me thus!
Hear me, I beg thee—I conjure thee, hear me!
While with an agonizing heart, I swear,
By all the pangs I feel, by all the sorrows,
The terrors and despair thy loss shall give me,
My hate was on my rival bent alone.
Oh! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,
A danger to thy life, I would have dy'd,

I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful breast to save thee from it.
*Hast* Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's just award:
While thy insatiate wrath and fell revenge,
Pursu'd the innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold, the mischief falls on thee and me:
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion:
For me, the snares of death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.
*Alic.* Oh! yet before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me, [*Kneeling.*
And, in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love?
For, oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame, and life,
"Desir'd to death, and doated to destraction,"
This day of horror never should have known us.
*Hast.* Oh, rise, and let me hush thy stormy sorrows. [*Raising her.*
Assuage thy tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me;
And, in mysterious Providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaken hand.

Most righteous doom! for, Oh, while I behold thee,
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me; thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonour'd, blasted, and betray'd by me.

*Alic.* And does thy heart relent for my undoing?
Oh, that inhuman Gloster could be mov'd,
But half so easily as I can pardon!

*Hast.* Here then exchange we mutually forgiveness:
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,
My perjuries to thee, be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquits thee of my death,
As here I part without one angry thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,
Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,
And begging Heav'n to bless and to support thee.

*Rat.* My lord, dispatch; the duke has sent to chide me,
For loitering in my duty——

*Hast.* I obey.

*Alic.* Insatiate, savage monster! Is a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Oh, repay him,
Thou great avenger! Give him blood for blood:
Guilt haunt him! fiends pursue him! lightnings blast him!
"Some horrid, cursed kind of death o'ertake him,
"Sudden, and in the fulness of his sins!"
That he may know how terrible it is,
To want that moment he denies thee now.

*Hast.* This rage is all in vain, "that tears thy bosom;

" Like a poor bird that flutters in its cage,
" Thou beat'st thyself to death." Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me;
Thy agonies are added to my own,
And make the burthen more than I can bear.
Farewell—Good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above.

*Alic.* Oh! stab me to the heart, some pitying hand.
Now strike me dead———

*Hast.* One thing I had forgot——
I charge thee, by our present common miseries;
By our past loves, if yet they have a name;
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend;
Thou know'st who 'tis I mean; Oh! should'st thou wrong her,
Just Heav'n shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make 'em know no end—Remember this,
As the last warning of a dying man.
Farewell, for ever! [*The guards carry* Hastings *off.*

*Alic.* For ever! Oh, for ever!
Oh, who can bear to be a wretch for ever!
My rival, too! His last thoughts hung on her,
And as he parted, left a blessing for her:
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever?
No; since her fatal beauty was the cause
Of all my suff'rings, let her share my pains;
Let her, like me, of ev'ry joy forlorn,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born;

" Like me, to desarts and to darkness run,
" Abhor the day, and curse the golden sun;"
Cast ev'ry good, and ev'ry hope behind;
Detest the works of nature, loath mankind:
Like me, with cries distracted, fill the air,
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair;
And prove the torments of the last despair. [*Exit.*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*The Street.* *Enter* BELMOUR *and* DUMONT.

*Dumont.*

You saw her, then?

*Bel.* I met her, as returning,
In solemn penance from the public cross.
Before her, certain rascal officers,
Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
" On either side her march'd an ill-look'd priest,
" Who with severe, with horrid haggard eyes,
" Did, ever and anon, by turns, upbraid her,
" And thunder in her trembling ear damnation."
Around her, numberless, the rabble flow'd,
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying—but those, alas! how few!
The most, such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind,

With insolence and lewd reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and railing, and with villanous hands
Gath'ring the filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head.

*Dum.* Inhuman dogs!
How did she bear it?

*Bel.* With the gentlest patience;
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain.
While barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
Yet, silent still she pass'd and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man deny'd her here.

*Dum.* When was this piteous sight?

*Bel.* These last two days.
You know my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliverance,
Which but for Hastings' death I had not gain'd.
During that time, altho' I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief, but all in vain;
A churlish guard attends upon her steps,

Who menace those with death, that bring her comfort,
And drive all succour from her.

*Dum.* Let 'em threaten;
Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice;
So Heav'n befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.

*Bel.* Mean you to see her, thus, in your own form?

*Dum.* I do.

*Bel.* And have you thought upon the consequence?

*Dum.* What is there I should fear?

*Bel.* Have you examin'd
Into your inmost heart, and try'd at leisure
The sev'ral secret springs that move the passions?
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep?

" *Dum.* Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory,
" To conjure up my wrongs to life again?
" I have long labour'd to forget myself,
" To think on all time backward, like a space
" Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being;
" But thou hast peopled it again: Revenge
" And jealousy renew their horrid forms,
" Shoot all their fires, and drive me to distraction.

" *Bel.* Far be the thought from me! My care was only
" To arm you for the meeting: better were it

" Never to see her, than to let that name
" Recall forgotten rage, and make the husband
" Destroy the gen'rous pity of Dumont."

*Dum.* O thou hast set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which, to preserve my peace, I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion—Oh, that form!
That angel face on which my dotage hung!
How I have gaz'd upon her, till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And issu'd at my eyes—Was there a gem
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields;
What was there art could make, or wealth could buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty?
What could her king do more?—And yet she fled.

*Bel.* Away with that sad fancy——

*Dum.* Oh, that day!
The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Belmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widow'd home!
Within his chariot, by his side she sat,
And listen'd to his talk with downward looks,
'Till sudden as she chanc'd aside to glance,
Her eyes encounter'd mine—Oh! then my friend!
Oh! who can paint my grief and her amazement!
As at the stroke of death, twice turn'd she pale;
And twice a burning crimson blush'd all o'er her;
Then, with a shriek, heart-wounding, loud she cry'd,
While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran

Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung——
Mov'd at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead, but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her sight towards me,
And follow'd me——till I had lost myself.

*Bel.* Alas, for pity! Oh! those speaking tears!
Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
For though the king by force possess'd her person,
Her unconsenting heart dwelt still with you;
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on every side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like hers?

*Dum.* And can she bear it? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd
To court her appetite and crown her board,
For whom the foreign vintages were press'd,
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores,
Can she——
Intreat for bread, and want the needful raiment,
To wrap her shiv'ring bosom from the weather?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her;
I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her; chearfulness
Danc'd all the day before her, and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow——
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,

Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
It is too much——Hence with her past offences,
They are aton'd at full——Why stay we, then?
Oh! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.

*Bel.* Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandon'd creature lingers:
Her guard, tho' set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there choose her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.

*Dum.* Here let us then divide; each in his round
To search her sorrows out; whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* JANE SHORE, *her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and bare-footed.*

*J. Sh.* Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, oh, my soul!
For are not thy transgressions great and numberless?
Do they not cover thee like rising floods,
And press thee like a weight of waters down?
"Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee?
"And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
"To pow'r almighty, thou hast done enough;
"Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay?"
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,

And lay thee down in death. " The hireling thus
" With labour drudges out the painful day,
" And often looks with long expecting eyes
" To see the shadows rise, and be dismiss'd."
And hark, methinks the roar that late pursu'd me,
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me?
My guard, too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My spirits fail at once—This is the door
Of my Alicia——Blessed opportunity!
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now while no eye observes me. [*She knocks at the door.*

*Enter a Servant.*

Is your lady,
My gentle friend, at home! Oh! bring me to her.
[*Going in.*

*Ser.* Hold, mistress, whither would you?
[*Pulling her back.*

*J. Sh.* Do you not know me?

*Ser.* I know you well, and know my orders, too:
You must not enter here——

*J. Sh.* Tell my Alicia,
'Tis I would see her.

*Ser.* She is ill at ease,
And will admit no visitor.

*J. Sh.* But tell her

Mrs. SIDDONS as JANE SHORE.

*But now 'tis otherwise: and those who blessd me,*
*now curse me to my face.*

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library, Strand. Sept. 21. 1781.

'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Wait at the door and beg——

*Ser.* 'Tis all in vain,—
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.

[*Shuts the door, and exit.*

*J. Sh.* It was not always thus; the time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here; "when this good house
"Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me:"
When my approaches made a little holiday,
And every face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!

[*She sits down at the door.*

*Enter* ALICIA *in disorder, two Servants following.*

*Alic.* What wretch art thou, whose misery and baseness
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

*J. Sh.* A very beggar, and a wretch, indeed;
One driven by strong calamity to seek
For succours here; one perishing for want,
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three days;
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,
A draught of water and a little bread.

*Alic.* And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?

I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scatter'd it,
Or cast it on the waters—Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, where they wind the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them—I know thee not.

*J. Sh.* And yet there was a time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,
And mourn'd the live-long day she pass'd without me;
"When pair'd like turtles, we were still together;
"When often as we prattled arm in arm,"
Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the world besides.

*Alic.* Ha! say'st thou! Let me look upon thee well—
'Tis true—I know thee now—A mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;
Thou hast undone me—Murder! Oh, my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
Give me him back again, thou soft deluder,
"Thou beauteous witch."

*J. Sh.* Alas! I never wrong'd you——
"Oh! then be good to me; have pity on me;
"Thou never knew'st the bitterness of want,
"And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
"Some poor remain, the voiding of thy table,
"A morsel to support my famish'd soul."

*Alic.* Avaunt! and come not near me—

JANE SHORE.
Alic. Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding.

*J. Sh.* To thy hand
I trusted all; gave my whole store to thee,
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.

*Alic.* Nay! tell not me! Where is thy king, thy Edward,
And all the smiling cringing train of courtiers,
That bent the knee before thee?

*J. Sh.* Oh! for mercy!

*Alic.* Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
And see, the nodding ruin falls to crush me!
'Tis fall'n, 'tis here! I felt it on my brain!

" 1 *Ser.* This sight disorders her—

" 2 *Ser.* Retire, dear lady—

" And leave this woman"—

*Alic.* Let her take my counsel:
Why should'st thou be a wretch? Stab, tear thy heart,
And rid thyself of this detested being,
I wo'not linger long behind thee here.
A waving flood of bluish fire swells o'er me;
And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in blood.
Ha! what art thou! thou horrid headless trunk?

It is my Hastings! see he wafts me on!
Away! I go, I fly! I follow thee!
" But come not thou with mischief-making beauty
" To interpose between us, look not on him,
" Give thy fond arts and thy delusions o'er,
" For thou shalt never, never part us more.

[*She runs off, her Servants following.*

*J. Sh.* Alas! she raves; her brain, I fear is turn'd.
In mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight.
I can no more, [*Lies down.*] receive me, thou cold earth,
Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

*Enter* BELMOUR.

*Bel.* Upon the ground!
Thy miseries can never lay thee lower,
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mourner,
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy friends,
The dear companions of thy joyful days,
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their bosoms?—Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
" For sure thou art the sister of our loves,
" And nothing shall divide us"—Now where are the

*sh.* Ah, Belmour! where indeed? They stand aloof,
view my desolation from afar?
hen they pass by, they shake their heads in scorn,
nd cry, behold the harlot and her end!"
yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me.
s! there may be danger; get thee gone?
me not pull a ruin on thy head.
ave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
ver to rise, and all relief is vain.

*Bel.* Yet raise thy drooping head; for I am come
o chase away despair. Behold! where yonder
hat honest man, that faithful, brave Dumont,
s hasting to thy aid——

*J. Sh.* Dumont! Ha! where!
[*Raising herself, and looking about.*
Then Heav'n has heard my pray'r; his very name
Renews the springs of life, and cheers my soul.
Has he then 'scap'd the snare?

*Bel.* He has; but see——
He comes unlike to that Dumont you knew,
For now he wears your better angel's form,
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.

*Enter* SHORE.

*J. Sh.* Speak, tell me! Which is he? And ho
what would
This dreadful vision! See it comes upon me—
t is my husband——Ah! [*She swoon*

*Sh.* She faints! support her!

" Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
" Into her dying lips—from spicy drugs,
" Rich herbs and flow'rs, the potent juice is drawn;
" With wond'rous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
" Drives them around, and wakens life anew."

*Bel.* Her weakness could not bear the strong surprize.
But see, she stirrs! And the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheek——

*Sh.* So—gently raise her— [*Raising her up.*

*J. Sh.* Ha! What art thou? Belmour!

*Bel.* How fare you, lady?

*J. Sh.* My heart is thrill'd with horror——

*Bel.* Be of courage——
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend—

*J. Sh.* Still art thou there!—Still dost thou hover round me!
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!

*Bel.* 'Tis he himself!—he lives! look up—

*J. Sh.* I dare not!
Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for ever—

*Sh.* Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burthen to the world, myself, and thee,
Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

*J. Sh.* Oh! thou most injur'd—dost thou live, indeed!
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head;
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;

Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wings for ever.
*Sh.* Why dost thou turn away?—Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears? and in despair,
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love,
And all the longings of my first desires.
" *J. Sh.* No, arm thy brow with vengeance and appear
" The minister of Heaven's inquiring justice.
" Array thyself all terrible for judgment,
" Wrath in thy eyes, and thunder in thy voice;
" Pronounce my sentence, and if yet there be
" A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.
" *Sh.* The measure of my sorrows is compleat!
" And I am come to snatch thee from injustice.
" The hand of pow'r no more shall crush thy weakness,
" Nor proud oppression grind thy humble soul.
" *J. Sh.* Art thou not risen by miracle from death?
" Thy shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the grave
" Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come
" The messenger of grace and goodness to me,
" To seal my peace, and bless me e'er I go.

" Oh! let me then fall down beneath thy feet,
" And weep my gratitude for ever there;
" Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,
" Give me your streams, ye never ceasing springs,
" That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,
" And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.
" *Sh.* Waste not thy feeble spirits—I have long
" Beheld, unknown, thy mourning and repentance;
" Therefore my heart has set aside the past,
" And holds thee white, as unoffending innocence:
" Therefore in spite of cruel Gloster's rage,
" Soon as my friend had broke my prison doors,
" I flew to thy assistance." Let us haste,
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

*J. Sh.* What shall I say to you? But I obey—

*Sh.* Lean on my arm——

*J. Sh.* Alas! I'm wond'rous faint:
But that's not strange, I have not eat these three days.

*Sh.* Oh, merciless! " Look here, my love, I've brought thee
" Some rich conserves——
" *J. Sh.* How can you be so good?
" But you were ever thus. I well remember
" With what fond care, what diligence of love,
" You lavish'd out your wealth to buy me pleasures,
" Preventing every wish: have you forgot

" The costly string of pearl you brought me home,
" And ty'd about my neck?——How could I leave
you?
" *Sh.* Taste some of this, or this——
" *J. Sh.* You're strangely alter'd——
" Say, gentle Belmour, is he not? How pale
" Your visage is become? Your eyes are hollow;
" Nay, you are wrinkled too——Alas, the day!
" My wretchedness has cost you many a tear,
" And many a bitter pang, since last we parted.
" *Sh.* No more of that——Thou talk'st, but do'st
not eat.
" *J. Sh.* My feeble jaws forget their common office,
" My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,
" And how a gen'ral loathing grows upon me."
Oh! I am sick at heart!——
*Sh.* Thou murd'rous sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!
Must she then die! Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not;
Grief masters ev'ry sense—" help me to hold her"—

*Enter* CATESBY, *with a guard.*

*Cat.* Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state—
*Bel.* What means this violence?——
[*Guards lay hold on* Shore *and* Belmour.
*Cat.* Have we not found you,
In scorn of the protector's strict command,

Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?

*Sh.* Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuo
And she that bore thee was an Æthiop to her.

*Cat.* You'll answer this at full—Away with 'em.

*Sh.* Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together——

*Cat.* Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

*J. Sh.* I will not part with him——for me!—
for me!
Oh! must he die for me!
[*Following him as he is carried off—She fal*

*Sh.* Inhuman villains! [*Breaks from the guard*
Stand off! The agonies of death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

*J. Sh.* Was this blow wanting to compleat m
ruin?
Oh! let him go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.

*Sh.* Oh, my love!
" Why have I liv'd to see this bitter moment,
" This grief by far surpassing all my former?"

Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou could'st not speak?——

*J. Sh.* Forgive me!——but forgive me!

*Sh.* Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to shew thee
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curs'd for ever.

*J. Sh.* Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peac
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now——
Was there not something I would have bequeat
you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heav'n!
[*L*

*Bel.* There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind.

*Sh.* Oh, my heart's treasure! Is this pale sad
sage
All that remains of thee? "Are these dead eyes
"The light that cheer'd my soul?" Oh, heavy ho
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,
'Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part, then?——will you——
[*To the guards taking him au*
Fare thee well—— [*Kissing*
Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me
To bonds, or death, 'tis equally indifferent.

*Bel.* Let those, who view this sad example, know,
What fate attends the broken marriage vow;
And teach their children, in succeeding times,
No common vengeance waits upon these crimes,
When such severe repentance could not save
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

*YE modest matrons all, ye virtuous wives,*
*Who lead with horrid husbands, decent lives;*
*You, who, for all you are in such a taking,*
*To see your spouses drinking, gaming, raking,*
*Yet make a conscience still of cuckold-making;*
*What can we say your pardon to obtain?*
*This matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:*
*She never once deny'd it; but, in short,*
*Whimper'd—and cry'd—"Sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't."*
*'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd soul,*
*We are not all so easy to control:*
*I fancy one might find in this good town,*
*Some wou'd ha' told the gentleman his own;*
*Have answer'd smart—"To what do you pretend,*
*"Blockhead?—As if I must not see a friend:*
*"Tell me of hackney coaches—Jaunts to th' city—*
*"Where should I buy my china?—Faith, I'll fit ye"—*
*Our wife was of a milder, meeker spirit;*
*You!—lords and masters!—was not that some merit?*
*Don't you allow it to be virtuous bearing,*
*When we submit thus to your domineering?*
*Well, peace be with her, she did wrong most surely;*
*But so do many more who look demurely.*
*Nor shou'd our mourning madam weep alone,*
*There are more ways of wickedness than one.*

*If the reforming stage should fall to shaming*
*Ill-nature, pride, hypocrisy, and gaming;*
*The poets frequently might move compassion,*
*And with she-tragedies o'er-run the nation.*
*Then judge the fair offender with good-nature,*
*And let your fellow-feeling curb your satire.*
*What, if our neighbours have some little failing,*
*Must we needs fall to damning and to railing?*
*For her excuse too, be it understood,*
*That if the woman was not quite so good,*
*Her lover was a king, she flesh and blood.*
*And since sh' has dearly paid the sinful score,*
*Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.*

THE END.

# *THE ROMAN FATHER.*

A

TRAGEDY,

ALTERED FROM MR. W. WHITEHEAD.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

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MDCCXCII.

# THE ROMAN FATHER.

MR. WHITEHEAD does not disguise his obligations to CORNEILLE; and there are who think it would have been better if they had been even yet more considerable.

But WHITEHEAD was wedded to classic models, and he thought the complexity of the French Intrigue would violate the unity of his subject. The tragedy of CORNEILLE has therefore the most business—yet its scenes are cold and declamatory, and WHITEHEAD, who saw this, could not keep the chill invasion from his own Scenes.

When HENDERSON, as it were shewing a lightning before death, threw into one exclamation in the character of HORATIUS, the true tragic tone of nature and passion, he reached the perfection of the art—For the opportunity he rather made it, than found it. When VALERIA demands.——

What could he do, my lord, when three opposed him? the Actor collected himself, and with an energy of voice and action, that struck the heart like the thunderbolt, piercingly exclaimed, DIE!

The tone vibrates still upon our ear, it was never surpassed, not even by the shriek of Mrs. CRAWFORD's "Was he alive?" Both electrified.

# PROLOGUE.

*BRITONS, to-night, in native pomp we come,*
*True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome;*
*In those far distant times, when Romans knew*
*The sweets of guarded liberty, like you;*
*And, safe from ills which force or faction brings,*
*Saw freedom reign beneath the smile of kings.*

*Yet from such times, and such plain chiefs as these,*
*What can we frame a polish'd age to please?*
*Say, can you listen to the artless woes*
*Of an old tale, which every school-boy knows?*
*Where to your hearts alone the scenes apply;*
*No merit theirs but pure simplicity.*

*Our bard has play'd a most adventurous part,*
*And turn'd upon himself the critic's art:*
*Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from Fancy's wings,*
*And torn up similies from vulgar things:*
*Nay, ev'n each moral, sentimental stroke,*
*Where not the character but poet spoke,*
*He lopp'd as foreign to his chaste design;*
*Nor spar'd an useless, tho' a golden line.*

*These are his arts; if these cannot atone*
*For all those nameless errors yet unknown,*

*shunning faults which nobler bards commit,*
*wants the force to strike th' attentive pit,*
*just, and tell him so; he asks advice,*
*lling to learn, and would not ask it twice.*
*ur kind applause may bid him write—beware!*
*kinder censure teach him to forbear.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

*Men.*

TULLUS HOSTILIUS, *King of Rome*, - - Mr. Aickin.
HORATIUS, *a Roman Senator*, - - - Mr. Farren.
PUBLIUS HORATIUS, *his Son*, - - - Mr. Pope.
VALERIUS, *a young Patrician*, - - - Mr. Davies.

*Women.*

HORATIA, *daughter to* Horatius, - - - Mrs. Merry.
VALERIA, *sister to* Valerius, - - - Mrs. Bernard.

*Citizens, Guards, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *Rome.*

# THE ROMAN FATHER.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*A Room in* HORATIUS'S *House* *A Soldier crosses the Stage,* HORATIA *following.*

*Horatia.*

STAY, soldier. As you parted from my father,
Something I overheard of near concern,
But all imperfectly. Said you not Alba
Was on the brink of fate, and Rome determin'd
This day to crush her haughty rival's power,
Or perish in th' attempt?

*Sold.* 'Twas so resolv'd
This morning, lady, ere I left the camp.
Our heroes are tir'd out with ling'ring war,
And half-unmeaning fight.

*Horatia.* "Alas! I hop'd
"The kind remorse which touch'd the kindred states,
"And made their swords fall lightly on the breasts
"Of foes they could not hate, might have produc'd
"A milder resolution." Then this day

Is fix'd for death or conquest? [*He bows.*] To me
Whoever conquers! [*Aside.*] I detain you, sir.
Commend me to my brothers; say, I wish——
But wherefore should I wish? The gods will c
Their virtues with the just success they merit—
Yet let me ask you, sir———

*Sold.* My duty, lady,
Commands me hence. Ere this they have eng
And conquest's self would lose its charms to n
Should I not share the danger.

*As the Soldier goes out,* VALERIA *enters, who loo*
*on him, and then on* HORATIA.

*Valeria.* My dear Horatia, wherefore will
court
The means to be unhappy? Still enquiring,
Still more to be undone. I heard it too;
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal news
Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'st have lea
From a friend's tongue, and dress'd in gentler t

*Horatia.* Oh, I am lost, Valeria! lost to vir
Ev'n while my country's fate, the fate of Rom
Hangs on the conqueror's sword, this breast ca
A softer passion, and divide its cares.
Alba to me is Rome. Wouldst thou believe it
I would have sent, by him thou saw'st departin
Kind wishes to my brothers; but my tongue
Denied its office, and this rebel heart
Ev'n dreaded their success. Oh, Curiatius!
Why art thou there, or why an enemy?

*Valeria.* Forbear this self-reproach; he is thy husband,
And who can blame thy fears? If fortune make him
A while thy country's foe, she cannot cancel
Vows register'd above. What tho' the priest
Had not confirm'd it at the sacred altar;
Yet were your hearts united, and that union
Approv'd by each consenting parent's choice.
Your brothers lov'd him as a friend, a brother;
And all the ties of kindred pleaded for him,
And still must plead, whate'er our heroes teach us,
Of patriot-strength. Our country may demand
We should be wretched, and we must obey;
But never can require us not to feel
That we are miserable: nature there
Will give the lie to virtue.

*Horatia.* True; yet sure
A Roman virgin should be more than woman.
Are we not early taught to mock at pain,
And look on danger with undaunted eyes?
But what are dangers, what the ghastliest form
Of death itself?—Oh, were I only bid
To rush into the Tiber's foaming wave,
"Swol'n with uncommon floods," or from the height
Of yon Tarpeian rock, whose giddy steep
Has turn'd me pale with horror at the sight,
I'd think the task were nothing! but to bear
These strange vicissitudes of tort'ring pain,
To fear, to doubt, and to despair as I do——

*Valeria.* And why despair? Have we so idly learn'd

The noblest lessons of our infant days,
Our trust above? Does there not still remain
The wretch's last retreat, the gods, Horatia?
'Tis from their awful wills our evils spring,
And at their altars may we find relief.
Say, shall we thither?—Look not thus dejected,
But answer me. A confidence in them,
Ev'n in this crisis of our fate, will calm
Thy troubled soul, and fill thy breast with hope.

*Horatia.* Talk not of hope; "the wretch on yonder plain,
"Who hears the victor's threats, and sees his sword
"Impending o'er him, feels no surer fate,
"Tho' less delay'd than mine." What should I hope?
That Alba conquer?—Curs'd be every thought
Which looks that way! "The shrieks of captive matrons
"Sound in my ears!"

*Valeria.* Forbear, forbear, Horatia;
Nor fright me with the thought. Rome cannot fall.
Think on the glorious battles she has fought;
Has she once fail'd, though oft expos'd to danger;
And has not her immortal founder promis'd
That she should rise the mistress of the world?

*Horatia.* And if Rome conquers, then Horatia dies.

*Valeria.* Why wilt thou form vain images of horror,
Industrious to be wretched? Is it then
Become impossible that Rome should triumph,
And Curiatius live? He must, he shall;

Protecting gods shall spread their shields around him,
And love shall combat in Horatia's cause.

*Horatia.* Think'st thou so meanly of him?—No, Valeria,
His soul's too great to give me such a trial;
Or could it ever come, I think, myself,
Thus lost in love, thus abject as I am,
I should despise the slave who dar'd survive
His country's ruin. Ye immortal powers!
I love his fame too well, his spotless honour,
At least I hope I do, to wish him mine
On any terms which he must blush to own.

*Horatius.* [*Without.*] What ho! Vindicus.

*Horatia.* What means that shout?—"Might we "not ask, Valeria?"
Didst thou not wish me to the temple?—Come,
I will attend thee thither; the kind gods
Perhaps may ease this throbbing heart, and spread
At least a temporary calm within.

*Valeria.* Alas, Horatia, 'tis not to the temple
That thou wouldst fly; the shout alone alarms thee.
But do not thus anticipate thy fate;
Why shouldst thou learn each chance of varying war,
"Which takes a thousand turns, and shifts the scene
"From bad to good, as fortune smiles or frowns?"
Stay but an hour perhaps, and thou shalt know
The whole at once.—I'll send—I'll fly myself
To ease thy doubts, and bring thee news of joy.

*Horatia.* Again, and nearer too—I must attend thee.

*Valeria.* Hark! 'tis thy father's voice, he comes to cheer thee.

*Enter* Horatius, *and* Valerius.

*Horatius.* [*Entering.*] News from the camp, my child!
Save you, sweet maid! [*Seeing* Valeria.
Your brother brings the tidings, for, alas!
I am no warrior now; my useless age,
Far from the paths of honour loiters here
In sluggish inactivity at home.
Yet I remember———

*Horatia.* You'll forgive us, sir,
If with impatience we expect the tidings.

*Horatius.* I had forgot; the thoughts of what I was
Engross'd my whole attention.—Pray, young soldier,
Relate it for me; you beheld the scene,
And can report it justly.

*Valerius.* Gentle lady,
The scene was piteous, though its end be peace.

*Horatia.* Peace? O, my fluttering heart! by what kind means?

*Valerius.* 'Twere tedious, lady, and unnecessary
To paint the disposition of the field;
Suffice it, we were arm'd, and front to front
The adverse legions heard the trumpet's sound:
But vain was the alarm, for motionless,
And wrapt in thought they stood; the kindred ranks
Had caught each other's eyes, nor dar'd to lift
The fault'ring spear against the breast they lov'd.

Again th' alarm was given, and now they seem'd
Preparing to engage, when once again
They hung their drooping heads, and inward mourn'd;
Then nearer drew, and at the third alarm,
Casting their swords and useless shields aside,
Rush'd to each other's arms.

*Horatius.* 'Twas so, just so,
(Tho' I was then a child, yet I have heard
My mother weeping oft relate the story)
Soft pity touch'd the breasts of mighty chiefs,
Romans and Sabines, when the matrons rush'd
Between their meeting armies, and oppos'd
Their helpless infants, and their heaving breasts
To their advancing swords, and bade them there
Sheath all their vengeance.—But I interrupt you—
Proceed, Valerius, they would hear th' event.
—And yet, methinks, the Albans—pray go on.

*Valerius.* Our King Hostilius from a rising mound
Beheld the tender interview, and join'd
His friendly tears with theirs; then swift advanc'd,
Ev'n to the thickest press, and cried, My friends,
If thus we love, why are we enemies?
Shall stern ambition, rivalship of power,
Subdue the soft humanity within us?
Are we not join'd by every tie of kindred?
And can we find no method to compose
These jars of honour, these nice principles
Of virtue, which infest the noblest mind?

*Horatius.* There spoke his country's father! this transcends

The flight of earth-born kings, whose low ambition
But tends to lay the face of nature waste,
And blast creation!—How was it receiv'd?

*Valerius.* As he himself could wish, with eager transport.
In short, the Roman and the Alban chiefs
In council have determin'd, that since glory
Must have her victims, and each rival state,
Aspiring to dominion, scorns to yield,
From either army shall be chose three champions
To fight the cause alone, and whate'er state
Shall prove superior, there acknowledg'd power
Shall fix th' imperial seat, and both unite
Beneath one common head.

*Horatia.* Kind Heaven, I thank thee!
Bless'd be the friendly grief that touch'd their souls!
"Bless'd be Hostilius for the generous counsel!
"Bless'd be the meeting chiefs!" and bless'd the tongue,
Which brings the gentle tidings!

*Valeria.* Now, Horatia,
Your idle fears are o'er.

*Horatia.* Yet one remains.
Who are the champions? Are they yet elected?
Has Rome———

*Valerius.* The Roman chiefs now meet in council,
And ask the presence of the sage Horatius.

*Horatius.* [*After having seemed some time in thought.*]
But still, methinks, I like not this, to trust
The Roman cause to such a slender hazard—
Three combatants!——'tis dangerous——

*Horatia.* [*In a fright.*] My father!

*Horatius.* I might, perhaps, prevent it——

*Horatia.* Do not, sir,
Oppose the kind decree.

*Valerius.* Rest satisfied
Sweet lady, 'tis so solemnly agreed to,
Not even Horatius's advice can shake it.

*Horatius.* And yet 'twere well to end these civil broils:
The neighb'ring states might take advantage of them.
—Would I were young again! How glorious
Were death in such a cause!—And yet, who knows
Some of my boys may be selected for it——
Perhaps may conquer——Grant me that, kind gods,
And close my eyes in transport!—Come, Valerius,
I'll but dispatch some necessary orders,
And strait attend thee.——Daughter, if thou lov'st
Thy brothers, let thy prayers be pour'd to Heav'n,
That one at least may share the glorious task. [*Exit.*

*Valerius.* Rome cannot trust her cause to worthier hands.
They bade me greet you, Lady. [*To* Horatia.
" Well, Valeria,
" This is your home, I find: your lovely friend,
" And you, I doubt not, have indulg'd strange fears,
" And run o'er all the horrid scenes of war.

" *Valeria.* Though we are women, brother, we are Romans,
" Not to be scar'd with shadows, though not proof
" 'Gainst all alarms, when real danger threatens."

*Horatia.* [*With some hesitation.*] My brothers, g
tle sir, you said were well.
Saw you their noble friends, the Curiatii?
The truce, perhaps, permitted it.
*Valerius.* Yes, Lady,
I left them jocund in your brothers' tent,
Like friends, whom envious storms awhile had part
Joying to meet again.
*Horatia.* Sent they no message?
*Valerius.* None, fair-one, but such general salu
tion
As friends would bring unbid.
*Horatia.* Said Caius nothing?
*Valerius.* Caius?
*Horatia.* Ay, Caius; did he mention me?
*Valerius.* 'Twas slightly, if he did, and 'scapes
now——
O yes, I do remember, when your brother
Ask'd him, in jest, if he had ought to send,
"A sigh's soft waftage, or the tender token
"Of tresses breeding to fantastic forms,"
To sooth a love-sick maid (your pardon, lady)
He smil'd, and cry'd, Glory's the soldier's mistress
*Horatia.* Sir, you'll excuse me—something of i
portance——
My father may have business——Oh, Valeria!
[*Aside to* Valer
Talk to thy brother, know the fatal truth
I dread to hear, and let me learn to die,
If Curiatius has indeed forgot me. [*Ex*

*Valerius.* She seems disorder'd!
*Valeria.* Has she not cause?
Can you administer the baneful potion,
And wonder at th' effect?
*Valerius.* You talk in riddles!
*Valeria.* They're riddles, brother, which your heart unfolds,
Though you affect surprise. Was Curiatius
Indeed so cold? Poor shallow artifice,
The trick of hopeless love! I saw it plainly.
Yet what could you propose? An hour's uneasiness
To poor Horatia; for be sure by that time
She sees him, and your deep-wrought schemes are air.
*Valerius.* What could I do? this peace has ruin'd me;
While war continued, I had gleams of hope;
Some lucky chance might rid me of my rival,
And time efface his image in her breast.
But me———
*Valeria.* Yes, now you must resolve to follow
Th' advice I gave you first, and root this passion
Entirely from your heart; for know, she dotes,
Ev'n to distraction dotes on Curiatius;
And every fear she felt, while danger threaten'd,
Will now endear him more.
*Valerius.* Cruel Valeria,
You triumph in my pain!
*Valeria.* By Heaven, I do not;
I only would extirpate every thought
Which gives you pain, nor leave one foolish wish

For hope to dally with. " When friends are m
" 'Tis most unkind to humour their distraction
" Harsh means are necessary.
" *Valerius.* Yet we first
" Should try the gentler.
" *Valeria.* Did I not? Ye powers!
" Did I not sooth your griefs, indulge your for
" While the least prospect of success remain'd
" Did I not press you still to urge your suit,
" Intreat you daily to declare your passion,
" Seek out unnumber'd opportunities,
" And lay the follies of my sex before you;
" *Valerius.* Alas! thou know'st, Valeria, w
" heart
" Was never won by tales of bleeding love:
" 'Tis by degrees the sly enchanter works
" Assuming friendship's name, and fits the sou
" For soft impressions, ere the fault'ring tongu
" And guilty-blushing cheek, with many a gla
" Shot inadvertent, tells the secret flame.
" *Valeria.* True, these are arts for those th
at leisure;
" You had no time for tedious stratagem;
" A dang'rous rival press'd, and has succeede
*Valerius.* I own my error—yet once more assi
Nay, turn not from me, by my soul I meant n
To interrupt their loves.—Yet, should some ac
'Tis not impossible, divide their hearts,
I might, perhaps, have hope: therefore 'till m
Cuts off all commerce, and confirms me wretc

Be it thy task, my sister, with fond stories,
Such as our ties of blood may countenance,
To paint thy brother's worth, his power in arms,
His favour with the king, "but most of all,
"That certain tenderness of soul which steals
"All women's hearts," then mention many a fair,
No matter whom, that sighs to call you sister.

*Valeria.* Well, well, away—Yet tell me, ere you go,
How did this lover talk of his Horatia?

*Valerius.* Why will you mention that ungrateful subject?
Think what you've heard me breathe a thousand times
When my whole soul dissolv'd in tenderness;
'Twas rapture all; what lovers only feel,
Or can express when felt. He had been here,
But sudden orders from the camp detain'd him.
Farewell, Horatius waits me—but remember,
My life, nay, more than life, depends on you. [*Exit.*

*Valeria.* Poor youth! he knows not how I feel his anguish,
Yet dare not seem to pity what I feel.
How shall I act betwixt this friend and brother?
Should she suspect his passion, she may doubt
My friendship too; and yet to tell it her
Were to betray his cause. No, let my heart
With the same blameless caution still proceed;
To each inclining most as most distrest;
Be just to both, and leave to Heav'n the rest! [*Exit.*

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*Continues.* *Enter* HORATIA *and* VALERIA.

*Horatia.*

ALAS, "how easily do we admit
"The thing we wish were true! yet sure," Valeria,
This seeming negligence of Curiatius
Betrays a secret coldness at the heart.
May not long absence, or the charms of war,
Have damp'd, at least, if not effac'd his passion?
I know not what to think.

*Valeria.* Think, my Horatia,
That you're a lover, and have learn'd the art
To raise vain scruples, and torment yourself
With every distant hint of fancied ill.
Your Curiatius still remains the same.
My brother idly trifled with your passion,
Or might, perhaps, unheedingly relate
What you too nearly feel. But see, your father.

*Horatia.* He seems transported; sure some happy news
Has brought him back thus early. Oh, my heart!
I long, yet dread to ask him. Speak, Valeria.

*Enter* HORATIUS.

*Valeria.* You're soon return'd, my lord.

*Horatius.* Return'd, Valeria!
My life, my youth's return'd, I tread in air!

—I cannot speak; my joy's too great for utterance.
—Oh, I could weep!—my sons, my sons are chosen
Their country's combatants; not one, but all!

*Horatia.* My brothers, said you, sir?

*Horatius.* All three, my child,
All three are champions in the cause of Rome.
Oh, happy state of fathers! thus to feel
New warmth revive, and springing life renew'd
Even on the margin of the grave!

*Valeria.* The time
Of combat, is it fix'd?

*Horatius.* This day, this hour
Perhaps decides our doom.

*Valeria.* And is it known
With whom they must engage?

*Horatius.* Not yet, Valeria;
But with impatience we expect each moment
The resolutions of the Alban senate.
And soon may they arrive, that ere we quit
Yon hostile field, the chiefs who dar'd oppose
Rome's rising glories, may with shame confess
The gods protect the empire they have rais'd.
Where are thy smiles, Horatia? Whence proceeds
This sullen silence, when my thronging joys
Want words to speak them? Pr'ythee, talk of empire,
Talk of those darlings of my soul, thy brothers.
Call them whate'er wild fancy can suggest,
Their country's pride, the boast of future times,
The dear defence, the guardian gods of Rome!—

By Heaven, thou stand'st unmov'd, nor feels thy breast
The charms of glory, the extatic warmth
Which beams new life, and lifts us nearer Heaven!

*Horatia.* My gracious father, with surprise and transport
I heard the tidings, as becomes your daughter.
And like your daughter, were our sex allow'd
The noble privilege which man usurps,
Could die with pleasure in my country's cause.
But yet, permit a sister's weakness, sir,
To feel the pangs of nature, and to dread
The fate of those she loves, however glorious,
And sure they cannot all survive a conflict
So desperate as this.

*Horatius.* Survive! By Heaven,
I could not hope that they should all survive.
No; let them fall. If from their glorious deaths
Rome's freedom spring, I shall be nobly paid
For every sharpest pang the parent feels.
Had I a thousand sons, in such a cause
I could behold them bleeding at my feet,
And thank the gods with tears!

*Enter* PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

*Pub.* My father! [*Offering to kneel.*

*Horatius.* Hence!
Kneel not to me—stand off; and let me view
At distance, and with reverential awe,
The champion of my country!—Oh, my boy!

That I should live to this—my soul's too full;
Let this and this speak for me.—Bless thee, bless thee! [*Embracing him.*
But wherefore art thou absent from the camp?
Where are thy brothers? Has the Alban state
Determin'd? Is the time of combat fix'd?

*Pub.* Think not, my lord, that filial reverence,
However due, had drawn me from the field,
Where nobler duty calls; a patriot's soul
Can feel no humbler ties, nor knows the voice
Of kindred, when his country claims his aid.
It was the king's command I should attend you,
Else had I staid 'till wreaths immortal grac'd
My brows, and made thee proud indeed to see
Beneath thy roof, and bending for thy blessing,
Not thine, Horatius, but the son of Rome!

*Horatius.* Oh, virtuous pride!—'tis bliss too exquisite
For human sense!—thus, let me answer thee. [*Embracing him again.*
Where are my other boys?

*Pub.* They only wait
'Till Alba's loit'ring chiefs declare her champions,
Our future victims, sir, and with the news
Will greet their father's ear.

*Horatius.* It shall not need,
Myself will to the field. Come, let us haste,
My old blood boils, and my tumultuous spirits
Pant for the onset. O, for one short hour
Of vigorous youth, that I might share the toil

Now with my boys, and be the next my last!

*Horatia.* My brother!

*Pub.* My Horatia! ere the dews
Of evening fall, thou shalt with transport own me;
Shalt hold thy country's saviour in thy arms,
Or bathe his honest bier with tears of joy.
Thy lover greets thee, and complains of absence
With many a sigh, and many a longing look
Sent tow'rd the towers of Rome.

*Horatia.* Methinks, a lover
Might take th' advantage of the truce, and bear
His kind complaints himself, not trust his vows
To other tongues, or be oblig'd to tell
The passing winds his passion.

*Pub.* Dearest sister,
He with impatience waits the lucky moment
That may with honour bear him to your arms.
Didst thou but hear how tenderly he talks,
How blames the dull delay of Alban councils,
And chides the ling'ring minutes as they pass,
'Till fate determines, and the tedious chiefs
Permit his absence, thou wouldst pity him.
But soon, my sister, soon shall every bar
Which thwarts thy happiness be far away.
We are no longer enemies to Alba,
This day unites us, and to-morrow's sun
May hear thy vows, and make my friend my brother.

*Horatius.* [*Having talked apart with* Valeria. ['Tis truly Roman.—Here's a maid, Horatia,
Laments her brother lost the glorious proof

Of dying for his country.—Come, my son,
Her softness will infect thee; pr'ythee, leave her.

*Horatia.* [*Looking first on her father, and then tenderly on her brother.*] Not 'till my soul has pour'd its wishes for him.

Hear me, dread god of war, protect and save him!
[*Kneeling.*
For thee, and thy immortal Rome, he fights!
Dash the proud spear from every hostile hand
That dare oppose him; may each Alban chief
Fly from his presence, or his vengeance feel!
And when in triumph he returns to Rome, [*Rising.*
Hail him, ye maids, with grateful songs of praise,
And scatter all the blooming spring before him;
Curs'd be the envious brow that smiles not then,
Curs'd be the wretch that wears one mark of sorrow,
Or flies not thus with open arms to greet him.

*Enter* TULLUS HOSTILIUS, VALERIUS, *and Guards.*

*Valerius.* The king, my lord, approaches.

*Horatius.* Gracious sir,
Whence comes this condescension?

*Tullus.* Good old man;
Could I have found a nobler messenger,
I would have spar'd myself th' ungrateful task
Of this day's embassy, for much I fear
My news will want a welcome.

*Horatius.* Mighty king!
Forgive an old man's warmth——They have not sure

Made choice of other combatants!—My sons,
Must they not fight for Rome?

*Tullus.* Too sure they must.

*Horatius.* Then I am blest!

*Tullus.* But that they must engage
Will hurt thee most, when thou shalt know with whom.

*Horatius.* I care not whom.

*Tullus.* Suppose your nearest friends,
The Curiatii, were the Alban choice,
Could you bear that? Could you, young man, support
A conflict there?

*Pub.* I could perform my duty,
Great sir, though even a brother should oppose me.

*Tullus.* Thou art a Roman! Let thy king embrace thee.

*Horatius.* And let thy father catch thee from his arms.

*Tullus.* [*To* Publius.] Know then, that trial must be thine. The Albans
With envy saw one family produce
Three chiefs, to whom their country dared entrust
The Roman cause, and scorn'd to be outdone.

*Horatia.* Then I am lost indeed; was it for this,
For this, I pray'd! [*Swoons.*

*Pub.* My sister!

*Valeria.* My Horatia! *Oh, support her!*

*Horatius.* Oh, foolish girl, to shame thy father thus!
Here, bear her in.

[Horatia *is carried in,* Valerius *and* Valeria *follow.*

I am concern'd, my sovereign,
That even the meanest part of me should blast
With impious grief a cause of so much glory.
But let the virtue of my boy excuse it.

*Tullus.* It does most amply. She has cause for sorrow.
The shock was sudden, and might well alarm
A firmer bosom. "The weak sex demand
"Our pity, not our anger; their soft breasts
"Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to sorrows
"Than man's experter sense. Nor let us blame
"That tenderness which smooths our rougher natures,
"And softens all the joys of social life."
We leave her to her tears. For you, young soldier,
You must prepare for combat. Some few hours
Are all that are allow'd you. But I charge you
Try well your heart, and strengthen every thought
Of patriot in you. Think how dreadful 'tis
To plant a dagger in the breast you love;
To spurn the ties of nature, and forget
In one short hour whole years of virtuous friendship.
Think well on that.

*Pub.* I do, my gracious sovereign;
And think the more I dare subdue affection,
The more my glory.

*Tullus.* True; but yet consider,
Is it an easy task to change affections?
In the dread onset can your meeting eyes
Forget their usual intercourse, and wear

At once the frown of war, and stern defiance?
Will not each look recall the fond remembrance
Of childhood past, when the whole open soul
Breath'd cordial love, and plighted many a vow
Of tend'rest import? Think on that, young soldier,
And tell me if thy breast be still unmov'd?

*Pub.* Think not, oh, king, howe'er resolv'd on combat,
I sit so loosely to the bonds of nature,
As not to feel their force. I feel it strongly.
I love the Curiatii, and would serve them
At life's expence: but here a nobler cause
Demands my sword: for all connections else,
All private duties are subordinate
To what we owe the public. Partial ties
Of son and father, husband, friend or brother,
Owe their enjoyments to the public safety,
And without that were vain.—Nor need we, sir,
Cast off humanity, and to be heroes
Cease to be men. As in our earliest days,
While yet we learn'd the exercise of war,
We strove together, not as enemies,
Yet conscious each of his peculiar worth,
And scorning each to yield; so will we now
Engage with ardent, not with hostile minds,
Not fir'd with rage, but emulous of fame.

*Tullus.* Now I dare trust thee; go and teach thy brothers
To think like thee, and conquest is your own.
This is true courage, not the brutal force

Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit
May make a coward of him.—Come, Horatius,
Thy other sons shall meet thee at the camp,
For now I do bethink me, 'tis not fit
They should behold their sister thus alarm'd.
Haste, soldier, and detain them. [*To one of the guards.*

*Horatius.* Gracious sir,
We'll follow on the instant.

*Tullus.* Then farewell.
When next we meet, 'tis Rome and liberty!
[*Exit with guards.*

*Horatius.* Come, let me arm thee for the glorious toil.
I have a sword, whose lightning oft has blaz'd
Dreadfully fatal to my country's foes;
Whose temper'd edge has cleft their haughty crests,
And stain'd with life-blood many a reeking plain.
This shalt thou bear; myself will gird it on,
And lead thee forth to death or victory. [*Going.*
——And yet, my Publius, shall I own my weakness;
Though I detest the cause from whence they spring,
I feel thy sister's sorrows like a father.
She was my soul's delight.

*Pub.* And may remain so.
This sudden shock has but alarm'd her virtue,
Not quite subdued its force. At least, my father,

Time's lenient hand will teach her to endure
The ills of chance, and reason conquer love.

*Horatius.* Should we not see her?

*Pub.* By no means, my lord;
You heard the king's commands about my brothers,
And we have hearts as tender sure as they.
Might I advise, you should confine her closely,
Lest she infect the matrons with her grief,
And bring a stain we should not wish to fix
On the Horatian name.

*Horatius.* It shall be so.
We'll think no more of her. 'Tis glory calls,
And humbler passions beat alarms in vain. [*Exit.*

*As* HORATIUS *goes off,* HORATIA *enters at another Door.*

*Horatia.* Where is my brother?—Oh, my dearest Publius,
If e'er you lov'd Horatia, ever felt
That tenderness which you have seem'd to feel,
Oh, hear her now!

*Pub.* What wouldst thou, my Horatia?

*Horatia.* I know not what I would—I'm on the rack,
Despair and madness tear my lab'ring soul.
—And yet, my brother, sure you might relieve me.

*Pub.* How! by what means? By Heaven, I'll die to do it.

*Horatia.* You might decline the combat.

*Pub.* Ha!

*Horatia.* I do not

Expect it from thee. Pr'ythee, look more kindly.
—And yet, is the request so very hard?
I only ask thee not to plunge thy sword
Into the breast thou lov'st, not kill thy friend;
Is that so hard?—I might have said thy brother.

*Pub.* What canst thou mean? Beware, beware, Horatia;
Thou know'st I dearly love thee, nay, thou know'st
I love the man with whom I must engage.
Yet hast thou faintly read thy brother's soul,
If thou canst think intreaties have the power,
Though urg'd with all the tenderness of tears,
To shake his settled purpose: they may make
My task more hard, and my soul bleed within me,
But cannot touch my virtue.

*Horatia.* 'Tis not virtue
Which contradicts our nature, 'tis the rage
Of over-weening pride. Has Rome no champions
She could oppose but you? Are there not thousands
As warm for glory, and as tried in arms,
Who might without a crime aspire to conquest,
Or die with honest fame?

*Pub.* Away, away!
Talk to thy lover thus. But 'tis not Caius
Thou wouldst have infamous.

*Horatia.* Oh, kill me not
With such unkind reproaches. Yes, I own
I love him, more———

*Pub.* Than a chaste Roman maid
Should dare confess.

*Horatia.* Should dare! What means my brother?
I had my father's sanction on my love,
And duty taught me first to feel its power.
—Should dare confess!—Is that the dreadful crime
Alas, but spare him, spare thy friend, Horatius,
And I will cast him from my breast for ever.
Will that oblige thee?—"Only let him die
"By other hands, and I will learn to hate him."

*Pub.* Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love him still!
And if we fall the victims of our country,
(Which Heav'n avert!) wed, and enjoy him freely.

*Horatia.* Oh, never, never. What, my country bane!
The murderer of my brothers! may the gods
First "tear me, blast me, scatter me on winds,
"And" pour out each unheard-of vengeance on me

*Pub.* Do not torment thyself thus idly—Go,
Compose thyself, and be again my sister.

*Re-enter* HORATIUS, *with the Sword.*

*Horatius.* This sword in Veii's field——What do thou here?
Leave him, I charge thee, girl——Come, come, Publius,
Let's haste where duty calls.

*Horatia.* What! to the field?
He must not, shall not go; here will I hang—
Oh, if you have not quite cast off affection!
If you detest not your distracted sister——

*Horatius.* Shame of thy race, why dost thou hang upon him?
Wouldst thou entail eternal infamy
On him, on me, and all?
*Horatia.* Indeed I would not,
I know I ask impossibilities;
Yet pity me, my father!
*Pub.* Pity thee!
Begone, fond wretch, nor urge my temper thus.
By Heaven, I love thee as a brother ought.
Then hear my last resolve; if Fate, averse
To Rome and us, determine my destruction,
I charge thee wed thy lover; he will then
Deserve thee nobly. Or, if kinder gods
Propitious hear the prayers of suppliant Rome,
And he should fall by me, I then expect
No weak upbraidings for a lover's death,
But such returns as shall become thy birth,
A sister's thanks for having sav'd her country. [*Exit.*
*Horatia.* Yet stay—Yet hear me, Publius—But one word.
*Horatius.* Forbear, rash girl, thou'lt tempt thy father
To do an outrage might perhaps distract him.
*Horatia.* Alas, forgive me, sir, I'm very wretched,
Indeed I am—Yet I will strive to stop
This swelling grief, and bear it like your daughter.
Do but forgive me, sir.
*Horatius.* I do, I do——
Go in, my child, the gods may find a way

To make thee happy yet. But on thy duty,
Whate'er reports may reach, or fears alarm thee,
I charge thee come not to the field.

*Horatia.* I will not,
If you command it, sir. But will you then,
As far as cruel honour may permit,
Remember that your poor Horatia's life
Hangs on this dreadful contest?

*Horatius.* "Lead her in." [*Exit* Horatia.

[*Looking after her.*] Spite of my boasted strength, her griefs unman me.
—But let her from my thoughts! The patriot's breast
*No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,*
*And in her danger loses private woes.* [Exit.

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*Continues.* VALERIUS *and* VALERIA *meeting.*

*Valerius.*

Now, my Valeria, where's the charming she
That calls me to her? with a lover's haste
I fly to execute the dear command.

*Valeria.* 'Tis not the lover, but the friend she wants,
If thou dar'st own that name.

*Valerius.* The friend, my sister!
There's more than friendship in a lover's breast,
More warm, more tender is the flame he feels—

*Valeria.* Alas! these raptures suit not her distress:

She seeks th' indulgent friend, whose sober sense,
Free from the mists of passion, might direct
Her jarring thoughts, and plead her doubtful cause.

*Valerius.* Am I that friend? Oh, did she turn her thought
On me for that kind office?

*Valeria.* Yes, Valerius.
She chose you out to be her advocate
To Curiatius; 'tis the only hope
She now dares cherish; her relentless brother
With scorn rejects her tears, her father flies her,
And only you remain to sooth her cares,
And save her ere she sinks.

*Valerius.* Her advocate
To Curiatius!

*Valeria.* 'Tis to him she sends you,
To urge her suit, and win him from the field.
But come, her sorrows will more strongly plead
Than all my grief can utter.

*Valerius.* To my rival!
To Curiatius plead her cause, and teach
My tongue a lesson which my heart abhors!
Impossible! Valeria, pr'ythee say
Thou saw'st me not; the business of the camp
Confin'd me there. Farewell. [*Going.*

*Valeria.* What means my brother?
You cannot leave her now; for shame, turn back;
Is this the virtue of a Roman youth?
Oh, by these tears!——

*Valerius.* They flow in vain, Valeria:

Nay, and thou know'st they do. Oh, earth and heaven!
This combat was the means my happier stars
Found out to save me from the brink of ruin;
And can I plead against it, turn assassin
On my own life?

*Valeria.* Yet thou canst murder her
Thou dost pretend to love; away, deceiver!
I'll seek some worthier messenger to plead
In beauty's cause; but first inform Horatia,
How much Valerius is the friend she thought him.
[*Going.*

*Valerius.* Oh, heavens! stay, sister; 'tis an arduous task.

*Valeria.* I know the task is hard, and thought I knew
Thy virtue too.

*Valerius.* I must, I will obey thee.
Lead on.—Yet pr'ythee, for a moment leave me,
'Till I can recollect my scatter'd thoughts,
And dare to be unhappy.

*Valeria.* My Valerius!
I fly to tell her you but wait her pleasure. [*Exit.*

*Valerius.* Yes, I will undertake this hateful office;
It never can succeed.—Yet at this instant
It may be dangerous, while the people melt
With fond compassion.—No, it cannot be;
His resolution's fix'd, and virtuous pride
Forbids an alteration. To attempt it
Makes her my friend, and may afford hereafter

A thousand tender hours to move my suit.
That hope determines all. [*Exit.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Another Apartment. Enter* HORATIA *and* VALERIA. HORATIA *with a Scarf in her Hand.*

*Horatia.* Where is thy brother? Wherefore stays
he thus?
Did you conjure him? did he say he'd come?
I have no brothers now, and fly to him
As my last refuge. Did he seem averse
To thy entreaties? Are all brothers so?
"Alas, thou told'st me he spake kindly to thee!
"'Tis me, 'tis me he shuns; I am the wretch
"Whom virtue dares not make acquaintance with.
"Yet fly to him again, entreat him hither,
"Tell him for thy sake to have pity on me.
"Thou are no enemy to Rome, thou hast
"No Alban husband to claim half thy tears,
"And make humanity a crime."
*Valeria.* Dear maid,
Restrain your sorrows; I've already told you
My brother will with transport execute
Whatever you command.
*Horatia.* Oh! wherefore then
Is he away? Each moment now is precious;
If lost, 'tis lost for ever, and if gain'd,

Long scenes of lasting peace, and smiling years
Of happiness unhop'd for wait upon it.

*Valeria.* I will again go seek him; pray, be calm;
Success is thine if it depends on him. [*Exit.*

*Horatia.* Success! alas, perhaps even now too late
I labour to preserve him; the dread arm
Of vengeance is already stretch'd against him,
And he must fall. Yet let me strive to save him.
Yes, thou dear pledge, design'd for happier hours,
[*To the scarf.*
The gift of nuptial love, thou shalt at least
Essay thy power.
Oft as I fram'd thy web,
He sate beside me, and would say in sport,
This present, which thy love designs for me,
Shall be the future bond of peace betwixt us:
By this we'll swear a lasting love, by this,
Through the sweet round of all our days to come,
Ask, what thou wilt, and Curiatius grants it.
O I shall try thee nearly now, dear youth;
Glory and I are rivals for thy heart,
And one must conquer.

*Enter* VALERIUS *and* VALERIA.

*Valerius.* Save you, gracious lady;
On the first message which my sister sent me
I had been here, but was oblig'd by office,
Ere to their champions each resign'd her charge,
To ratify the league 'twixt Rome and Alba.

*Horatia.* Are they engag'd then?

Terry Sculp.

Mrs. MERRY as HORATIA.

Yes, thou dear pledge, design'd for better hours.—

London, Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand. Oct.r 20 1792.

*Valerius.* No, not yet engag'd;
Soft pity for a while suspend the onset;
The sight of near relations, arm'd in fight
Against each other, touch'd the gazers hearts;
And senators on each side have propos'd
To change the combatants.

*Horatia.* My blessings on them!
Think you they will succeed?

*Valerius.* The chiefs themselves
Are resolute to fight.

*Horatia.* Insatiate virtue!
I must not to the field; I am confin'd
A prisoner here; or sure these tears would move
Their flinty breasts.—Is Curiatius too
Resolv'd on death?—O, sir, forgive a maid,
Who dares in spite of modesty confess
Too soft a passion. Will you pardon me,
If I entreat you to the field again,
An humble suitor from the veriest wretch
That ever knew distress.

*Valerius.* Dear lady, speak!
What would you I should do?

*Horatia.* O bear this to him.

*Valerius.* To whom?

*Horatia.* To Curiatius bear this scarf:
And tell him, if he ever truly lov'd;
If all the vows he breath'd were not false lures
To catch th' unwary mind—and sure they were no
O tell him how he may with honour cease
To urge his cruel right; the senators

Of Rome and Alba will approve such mildness.
Tell him his wife, if he will own that name,
Intreats him from the field; his lost Horatia
Begs on her trembling knees he would not tempt
A certain fate, and murder her he loves.
Tell him, if he consents, she fondly swears,
By every god the varying world adores,
" By this dear pledge of vow'd affection, swears,"
To know no brothers and no sire but him;
With him, if honour's harsh commands require it,
She'll wander forth, and seek some distant home,
Nor ever think of Rome or Alba more.

" *Valeria.* Well, well, he will. Do not torment thyself.

[Horatia *catches hold of the scarf, which she looked upon attentively while* Valeria *spoke.*

" *Horatia.* Look here, Valeria, where my needle's art
" Has drawn a Sabine virgin, drown'd in tears
" For her lost country, and forsaken friends;
" While by her side the youthful ravisher
" Looks ardent love, and charms her griefs away.
" I am that maid distress'd, divided so
" 'Twixt love and duty. But why rave I thus?
" Haste haste to Curiatius—and yet stay;
" Sure I have something more to say to him:
" I know not what it was."

*Valerius.* Could I, sweet lady,
But paint your grief with half the force I feel it,
I need but tell it him, and he must yield.

*Horatia.* It may be so. Stay, stay; be sure you tell him,
If he rejects my suit, no power on earth
Shall force me to his arms. I will devise——
I'll die and be reveng'd!

*Valeria.* Away, my brother!
But, Oh, for pity, do your office justly!
[*Aside to* Valerius.
Let not your passion blind your reason now;
But urge your cause with ardor.

*Valerius.* By my soul,
I will, Valeria. Her distress alarms me;
And I have now no interest but hers. [*Exit.*

" *Valeria.* Come, dearest maid, indulge not thus your sorrows;
" Hope smiles again, and the sad prospect clears.
" Who knows th' effect your message may produce?
" The milder senators ere this perhaps
" Have mov'd your lover's mind; and if he doubts,
" He's yours."

*Horatia.* He's gone—I had a thousand things—
And yet I'm glad he's gone. Think you, Valeria,
Your brother will delay?—They may engage
Before he reaches them.

*Valeria.* The field's so near,
That a few minutes brings him to the place.
" And 'tis not probable the senators
" So soon should yield a cause of so much justice.

" *Horatia.* Alas! they should have thought on that before.

" 'Tis now too late. The lion when he's rous'd
" Must have his prey, whose den we might have pass'd
" In safety while he slept. To draw the sword,
" And fire the youthful warrior's breast to arms
" With awful visions of immortal fame,
" And then to bid him sheath it, and forget
" He ever hop'd for conquest and renown—
" Vain, vain attempt!
" *Valeria.* Yet when that just attempt
" Is seconded by love, and beauty's tears
" Lend their soft aid to melt the hero down,
" What may we not expect?
" *Horatia.* My dear Valeria!
" Fain would I hope I had the power to move him."
*Valeria.* My dear Horatia, success is yours already.
*Horatia.* And yet, should I succeed, the hard-gain'd strife
May chance to rob me of my future peace.
He may not always with the eyes of love
Look on that fondness which has stabb'd his fame.
He may regret too late the sacrifice
He made to love, and a fond woman's weakness;
And think the milder joys of social life
But ill repay him for the mighty loss
Of patriot-reputation!
*Valeria.* Pray, forbear;
And search not thus into eventful time
For ills to come. " This fatal temper, friend,
" Alive to feel, and curious to explore

" Each distant object of refin'd distress,
" Shuts out all means of happiness, nor leaves it
" In fortune's power to save you from destruction."
Like some distemper'd wretch, your wayward mind
Rejects all nourishment, or turns to gall
The very balm that should relieve its anguish.
He will admire thy love, which could persuade him
To give up glory for the milder triumph
Of heart-felt ease and soft humanity.

*Horatia.* I fain would hope so. Yet we hear not of him.
Your brother, much I fear, has su'd in vain.
Could we not send to urge this slow express?—
This dread uncertainty! I long to know
My life or death at once.

" *Valeria.* The wings of love
" Cannot fly faster than my brother's zeal
" Will bear him for your service.

" *Horatia.* I believe it,
" Yet doubt it too. My sickly mind unites
" Strange contradictions."

*Valeria.* Shall I to the walls?
I may from thence with ease survey the field,
And can dispatch a messenger each moment,
To tell thee all goes well.

*Horatia.* My best Valeria!
Fly then; " I know thy heart is there already."
Thou art a Roman maid; and though thy friendship
Detains thee here with one who scarce deserves
That sacred name, art anxious for thy country.

But yet for charity think kindly of me;
For thou shalt find by the event, Valeria,
I am a Roman too, however wretched. [*Exit* Valeria.
Am I a Roman then? Ye powers! I dare not
Resolve the fatal question I propose.
If dying would suffice, I were a Roman:
But to stand up against this storm of passions,
Transcends a woman's weakness. Hark! what noise?
'Tis news from Curiatius!—Love, I thank thee!

*Enter a Servant.*

Well, does he yield? Distract me not with silence.
Say, in one word——
*Serv.* Your father——
*Horatia.* What of him?
Would he not let him yield? Oh, cruel father!
*Serv.* Madam, he's here——
*Horatia.* Who?
*Serv.* Borne by his attendants.
*Horatia.* What mean'st thou?

*Enter* HORATIUS, *led in by his Servants.*

*Horatius.* Lead me yet a little onward;
I shall recover straight.
*Horatia.* My gracious sire!
*Horatius.* Lend me thy arm, Horatia—So—. My child,
Be not surpris'd; an old man must expect
These little shocks of nature; they are hints
To warn us of our end.

*Horatia.* How are you, sir?

*Horatius.* Better, much better. My frail body could not
Support the swelling tumult of my soul.

*Horatia.* No accident, I hope, alarm'd you, sir!
My brothers——

*Horatius.* Here, go to the field again,
You, Cautus and Vindicius, and observe
Each circumstance. I shall be glad to hear
The manner of the fight.

*Horatia.* Are they engag'd?

*Horatius.* They are, Horatia. But first let me thank thee
For staying from the field. I would have seen
The fight myself; but this unlucky illness
Has forc'd me to retire. Where is thy friend?

*Enter a Servant, who gives a paper to* HORATIA, *and retires.*

What paper's that? Why dost thou tremble so?
Here, let me open it. [*Takes the paper and opens it.*]
From Curiatius!

*Horatia.* Oh, keep me not in this suspense, my father!
Relieve me from the rack.

*Horatius.* He tells thee here,
He dare not do an action that would make him
Unworthy of thy love; and therefore——

*Horatia.* Dies!——
Well—I am satisfied.

*Horatius.* I see by this
Thou hast endeavour'd to persuade thy lover
To quit the combat. Couldst thou think, Horatia,
He'd sacrifice his country to a woman?

*Horatia.* I know not what I thought. He prov
too plainly,
Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him
Whom I applied to.

*Horatius.* Do not think so, daughter;
Could he with honour have declin'd the fight,
I should myself have join'd in thy request,
And forc'd him from the field. But think, my chil
Had he consented, and had Alba's cause,
Supported by another arm, been baffled,
What then couldst thou expect? Would he not curs
His foolish love, and hate thee for thy fondness?
Nay, think, perhaps, 'twas artifice in thee
To aggrandize thy race, and lift their fame
Triumphant o'er his ruin and his country's.
Think well on that, and reason must convince thee.

*Horatia.* [*Wildly.*] Alas! had reason ever yet th
power
To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch
Not feel his anguish? 'Tis impossible.
Could reason govern, I should now rejoice
They were engag'd, and count the tedious moments
Till conquest smil'd, and Rome again was free.
Could reason govern, I should beg of Heaven
To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it deep
Ev'n in the bosom of the man I love:

I should forget he ever won my soul,
Forget 'twas your command that bade me love him,
Nay, fly perhaps to yon detested field,
And spurn with scorn his mangled body from me.

*Horatius.* Why wilt thou talk thus? Pry'thee, be more calm.
I can forgive thy tears; they flow from nature;
And could have gladly wish'd the Alban state
Had found us other enemies to vanquish.
But Heaven has will'd it, and Heaven's will be done!
The glorious expectation of success
Buoys up my soul, nor lets a thought intrude
To dash my promis'd joys! What steady valour
Beams from their eyes: just so, if fancy's power
May form conjecture from his after-age,
Rome's founder must have look'd, when, warm in youth,
And flush'd with future conquest, forth he march'd
Against proud Acron, with whose bleeding spoils
He grac'd the altar of Feretrian Jove——
Methinks I feel recover'd: I might venture
Forth to the field again. What ho! Volscinius!
Attend me to the camp.

*Horatia.* My dearest father,
Let me entreat you stay; the tumult there
Events ill discompose you, and a quick relapse
May prove most dangerous. I'll restrain my tears,
If they offend you.

*Horatius.* Well, I'll be advis'd.

'Twere now too late; ere this they must have conquer'd.
And here's the happy messenger of glory.

*Enter* VALERIA.

*Valeria.* All's lost, all's ruin'd! freedom is no more!

*Horatius.* What dost thou say?

*Valeria.* That Rome's subdu'd by Alba.

*Horatius.* It cannot be. Where are my sons? All dead?

*Valeria.* Publius is still alive—the other two
Have paid the fatal debt they ow'd their country.

*Horatius.* Publius alive! You must mistake, Valeria
He knows his duty better.
He must be dead, or Rome victorious.

*Valeria.* Thousands as well as I beheld the combat.
After his brother's death he stood alone,
And acted wonders against three assailants;
Till forc'd at last to save himself by flight——

*Horatius.* By flight! And did the soldiers let him pass?
Oh, I am ill again!—The coward villain!
[*Throwing himself into his chair.*

*Horatia.* Alas, my brothers!

*Horatius.* Weep not for them, girl.
They've died a death which kings themselves might envy;
And whilst they liv'd they saw their country free.
Oh, had I perish'd with them!——But for him
Whose impious flight dishonours all his race,

Tears a fond father's heart, and tamely barters
For poor precarious life his country's glory,
Weep, weep for him, and let me join my tears!

*Valeria.* What could he do, my lord, when three oppos'd him?

*Horatius.* Die!
"He might have died. Oh, villain, villain, villain!"
And he shall die; this arm shall sacrifice
The life he dar'd preserve with infamy.
[*Endeavouring to rise.*
What means this weakness? 'Tis untimely now,
When I should punish an ungrateful boy.
Was this his boasted virtue, which could charm
His cheated sovereign, and brought tears of joy
To my old eyes?—So young a hypocrite!
Oh, shame, shame, shame!

*Valeria.* Have patience, sir; all Rome
Beheld his valour, and approv'd his flight,
Against such opposition.

*Horatius.* Tell not me!
What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her traitor;
But I'm the guardian of my house's honour,
And I will punish. Pray ye, lead me forth;
I would have air. But grant me strength, kind gods,
To do this act of justice, and I'll own,
*Whate'er 'gainst Rome your awful wills decree,*
*You still are just and merciful to me.* [Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in* HORATIUS's *House. Enter* HORATIUS, VALERIA *following.*

*Horatius.*

AWAY, away!—I feel my strength renew'd,
And I will hunt the villain thro' the world:
No deserts shall conceal, nor darkness hide him.
He is well skill'd in flight; but he shall find
'Tis not so easy to elude the vengeance
Of a wrong'd father's arm, as to escape
His adversary's sword.

*Valeria.* Restrain your rage
But for a moment, sir. When you shall hear
The whole unravell'd, you will find he's innocent.

*Horatius.* It cannot be.

*Valeria.* And see, my brother comes.
He may perhaps relate———

*Horatius.* I will not hear him;
I will not listen to my shame again.

*Enter* VALERIUS.

*Valerius.* I come with kind condolance from the king,
To sooth a father's grief, and to express——

*Horatius.* I've heard it all; I pray you spare my blushes.

I want not consolation; 'tis enough
They perish'd for their country. But the third——
*Valerius.* True, he indeed may well supply your loss,
And calls for all your fondness.
*Horatius.* All my vengeance:
And he shall have it, sir.
"*Valerius.* What means my lord?
"Are you alone displeas'd with what he has done?
"*Horatius.* 'Tis I alone, I find, must punish it."
*Valerius.* Vengeance!
"Punish," my lord! What fault has he committed?
*Horatius.* Why will you double my confusion thus?
Is flight no fault?
*Valerius.* In such a cause as his
'Twas glorious.
*Horatius.* Glorious! Oh, rare sophistry!
To find a way through infamy to glory!
*Valerius.* I scarce can trust my senses—Infamy!
What, was it infamous to save his country?
Is art a crime? Is it the name of flight
We can't forgive, though it's ador'd effect
Restor'd us all to freedom, fame, and empire?
*Horatius.* What fame, what freedom? Who has
sav'd his country?
*Valerius.* Your son, my lord, has done it.
*Horatius.* How, when, where?
*Valerius.* Is't possible! Did not you say you knew?
*Horatius.* I care not what I knew—Oh, tell me all!
Is Rome still free?—Has Alba?—Has my son?——
Tell me——

*Valerius.* Your son, my lord, has slain her champions.

*Horatius.* What, Publius?

*Valerius.* Ay, Publius.

*Horatius.* Oh, let me clasp thee to me!
Were there not three remaining?

*Valerius.* True, there were;
But wounded all.

*Horatius.* Your sister here had told us
That Rome was vanquis'd, that my son was fled——

*Valerius.* And he did fly; but 'twas that flight preserv'd us.
All Rome as well as she has been deceiv'd.

*Horatius.* Let me again embrace thee—Come, relate it.
Did I not say, Valeria, that my boy
Must needs be dead, or Rome victorious?
I long to hear the manner—Well, Valerius—

*Valerius.* Your other sons, my lord, had paid the debt
They ow'd to Rome, and he alone remain'd
'Gainst three opponents, whose united strength,
Tho' wounded each, and robb'd of half their force,
Was still too great for his. A while he stood
Their fierce assaults, and then pretended flight
Only to tire his wounded adversaries.

*Horatius.* Pretended flight, and this succeeded, ha!
Oh, glorious boy!

*Valerius* 'Twas better still, my lord;
For all pursued, but not with equal speed.
Each, eager for the conquest, press'd to reach him;

Nor did the first, till 'twas too late, perceive
His fainter brothers panting far behind.

*Horatius.* He took them singly then? An easy conquest;
'Twas boy's play only.

*Valerius.* Never did I see
Such universal joy, as when the last
Sunk on the ground beneath Horatius' sword;
Who seem'd a while to parley as a friend,
And would have given him life, but Caius scorn'd it.

*Valeria.* Caius! Oh, poor Horatia!

*Horatius.* Peace, I charge thee.
Go, dress thy face in smiles, and bid thy friend
Wake to new transports. Let ambition fire her.
What is a lover lost? There's not a youth
In Rome but will adore her. Kings will seek
For her alliance now, and mightiest chiefs
Be honour'd by her smiles. Will they not, youth?

[*Exit* Valeria.

*Valerius.* Most sure, my lord, this day has added worth
To her whose merit was before unequall'd.

*Horatius.* How could I doubt his virtue!—Mighty gods!
This is true glory, to preserve his country,
And bid, by one brave act, the Horatian name
In fame's eternal volumes be enroll'd.
" Methinks already I behold his triumph.
" Rome gazes on him like a second founder;
" The wond'ring eye of childhood views with awe

" The new divinity; and trembling age
" Crowds eager on to bless him ere it dies!
" Ere long, perhaps, they will raise altars to him,
" And even with hymns and sacrifice adore
" The virtue I suspected!"—Gracious Heaven!
Where is he? Let me fly, and at his feet
Forget the father, and implore a pardon
For such injustice.

*Valerius.* " You may soon, my lord,
" In his embraces lose the fond remembrance
" Of your mistaken rage." The king, ere this,
Has from the field dispatch'd him; " he but staid
" Till he could send him home with some slight honours
" Of scatter'd wreaths, and grateful songs of praise.
" For till to-morrow he postpones the pomp
" Of solemn thanks, and sacrifice to Heaven
" For liberty restor'd." But hark! that shout
Which sounds from far, and seems the mingled voice
Of thousands, speaks him onward on his way.

*Horatius.* How my heart dances!—Yet I blush to meet him.
But I will on. Come, come, Horatia; leave
[*Calling at the door.*
Thy sorrow far behind, and let us fly
With open arms to greet our common glory. [*Exit.*

*Enter* HORATIA *and* VALERIA.

*Horatia.* Yes, I will go; this father's hard command

Shall be obey'd; and I will meet the conqueror,
But not in smiles.

*Valerius.* Oh, go not, gentle lady!
Might I advise——

*Valeria.* Your griefs are yet too fresh,
And may offend him. Do not, my Horatia.

*Valerius.* Indeed 'twere better to avoid his presenc
It will revive your sorrows, and recall——

*Horatia.* Sir, when I saw you last I was a womar
The fool of nature, a fond prey to grief,
Made up of sighs and tears. But now my soul
Disdains the very thought of what I was;
'Tis grown too callous to be mov'd with toys.
Observe me well; am I not nobly chang'd?
From my sad eyes, or heaves my breast one groan
No: for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not grief,
'Tis resolution now, and fix'd despair.

*Valeria.* My dear Horatia, you strike terrors thi
me;
What dreadful purpose hast thou form'd? Oh, spea

*Valerius.* "Talk gently to her."—Hear me y
sweet lady.
You must not go; whatever you resolve,
There is a sight will pierce you to the soul.

*Horatia.* What sight?

*Valerius.* Alas, I should be glad to hide it;
But it is——

*Horatia.* What?

*Valerius.* Your brother wears in triumph
The very scarf I bore to Curiatius.

*Horatia.* [*Wildly.*] Ye gods, I thank ye! 'tis with joy I hear it.
If I should falter now, that sight would rouse
My drooping rage, and swell the tempest louder.
——But soft; they may prevent me; my wild passion
Betrays my purpose.——I'll dissemble with them.
[*She sits down,*

*Valerius.* She softens now.

*Valeria.* How do you, my Horatia?

*Horatia.* Alas, my friend, 'tis madness which I utter——
Since you persuade me then, I will not go.
But leave me to myself; I would sit here;
Alone in silent sadness pour my tears,
And meditate on my unheard-of woes.

*Valerius.* [*To* Valeria.] 'Twere well to humour this. But may she not,
If left alone, do outrage on herself.

*Valeria.* I have prevented that; she has not near her
One instrument of death.

*Valerius.* Retire we then.
"But, Oh, not far, for now I feel my soul
"Still more perplex'd with love. Who knows, Valeria,
"But when this storm of grief has blown its fill,
"She may glow calm, and listen to my vows."
[*Exeunt* Valerius *and* Valeria.

*After a short Silence,* HORATIA *rises, and comes forward.*

*Horatia.* Yes, they are gone; and now be firm, my soul!

This way I can elude their search. The heart,
Which dotes like mine, must break to be at ease.
Just now I thought, had Curiatius liv'd,
I could have driven him from my breast for ever.
But death has cancell'd all my wrongs at once.
——They were not wrongs; 'twas virtue which un
did us,
And virtue shall unite us in the grave.
I heard them say, as they departed hence,
That they had robb'd me of all means of death.
Vain thought! they knew not half Horatia's purpose
Be resolute, my brother; let no weak
Unmanly fondness mingle with thy virtue,
And I will touch thee nearly. Oh, come on,
'Tis thou alone canst give Horatia peace. [*Exit*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*A Street of Rome. Chorus of Youths and Virgins singing and scattering Branches of Oak, Flowers, &c. The enters* HORATIUS, *leaning on the Arm of* PUBLIUS HORATIUS.

CHORUS.

THUS, for freedom nobly won,
Rome her hasty tribute pours;
And on one victorious son
Half exhausts her blooming stores.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the laurel crown,
Emblem of immortal praise!
Wondrous youth! to thy renown
Future times shall altars raise.

A VIRGIN.

Scatter here the myrtle wreath,
Though the bloodless victor's due;
Grateful thousands sav'd from death
Shall devote that wreath to you.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the oaken bough;
Ev'n for one averted fate,
We that civic meed bestow——
He sav'd all who sav'd the state.

CHORUS.

Thus for freedom, *&c.*

*Horatius.* Thou dost forgive me then, my dearest boy,
I cannot tell thee half my ecstasy.
The day which gave thee first to my glad hopes
Was misery to this——I'm mad with transport!
Why are ye silent there? Again renew
Your songs of praise, and in a louder strain
Pour forth your joy, and tell the list'ning spheres
That Rome is freed by my Horatius' hand.

*Pub.* No more, my friends.——You must permit me, sir,
To contradict you here. Not but my soul,
Like yours, is open to the charms of praise:
There is no joy beyond it, when the mind
Of him who hears it can with honest pride
Confess it just, and listen to its music.
But now the toils I have sustain'd require
Their interval of rest, and every sense
Is deaf to pleasure——Let me leave you, friends;
We're near our home, and would be private now:
To-morrow we'll expect your kind attendance
To share our joys, and waft our thanks to Heaven.

*As they are going off,* HORATIA *rushes in.*

*Horatia.* Where is this mighty chief?
*Horatius.* My daughter's voice!
I bade her come; she has forgot her sorrows,
And is again my child.
*Horatia.* Is this the hero
That tramples nature's ties, and nobly soars
Above the dictates of humanity?
Let me observe him well.
*Pub.* What means my sister?
*Horatia.* Thy sister! I disclaim the impious title;
Base and inhuman! Give me back my husband,
My life, my soul, my murder'd Curiatius!
*Pub.* He perish'd for his country.
*Horatia.* Gracious gods!
Was't not enough that thou hadst murder'd him,

But thou must triumph in thy guilt, and wear
His bleeding spoils?—Oh, let me tear them from thee,
Drink the dear drops that issu'd from his wounds,
More dear to me than the whole tide that swells
With impious pride a hostile brother's heart.

*Horatius.* Am I awake, or is it all illusion!
Was it for this thou cam'st?

*Pub.* Horatia, hear me,
Yet I am calm, and can forgive thy folly;
Would I could call it by no harsher name.
But do not tempt me farther. Go, my sister,
Go hide thee from the world, nor let a Roman
Know with what insolence thou dar'st avow
Thy infamy, or what is more, my shame,
How tamely I forgave it.—Go, Horatia.

*Horatia.* I will not go.—What, have I touch'd thee, then?
And canst thou feel?—Oh, think not thou shalt lose
Thy share of anguish. I'll pursue thee still,
"Urge thee all day with thy unnatural crimes,
"Tear, harrow up thy breast; and then at night"
I'll be the fury that shall haunt thy dreams;
Wake thee with shrieks, and place before thy sight
Thy mangled friends in all their pomp of horror.

*Pub.* Away with her! 'tis womanish complaining.
Think'st thou such trifles can alarm the man
Whose noblest passion is his country's love?
"—Let it be thine, and learn to bear affliction."

*Horatia.* Curse on my country's love, the trick ye teach us

To make us slaves beneath the mask of virtue;
To rob us of each soft endearing sense,
And violate the first great law within us.
I scorn the impious passion.

*Pub.* Have a care;
Thou'st touch'd a string which may awake my vengeance.

*Horatia.* [*Aside.*] Then it shall "do it."

*Pub.* Oh, if thou dar'st prophane
That sacred tie which winds about my heart,
By Heaven I swear, by the great gods who rule
The fate of empires, 'tis not this fond weakness
Which hangs upon me, and retards my justice,
Nor even thy sex, which shall protect thee from me.
[*Clapping his hand on his sword*

*Horatius.* Drag her away—thou'lt make me curse thee, girl——
Indeed she's mad. [*To* Publius

*Horatia.* Stand off, I am not mad——
Nay, draw thy sword; I do defy thee, murderer,
Barbarian, Roman!——Mad! The name of Rome
Makes madmen of you all; my curses on it.
"I do detest its impious policy."
Rise, rise, ye states (Oh, that my voice could fire
Your tardy wrath!) confound its selfish greatness,
Raze its proud walls, and lay its towers in ashes!

*Pub.* I'll bear no more—— [*Drawing his sword*

*Horatius.* Distraction!—Force her off——

*Horatia.* [*Struggling.*] Could I but prove the Hele to destroy

This curs'd unsocial state, I'd die with transport:
Gaze on the spreading fires—'till the last pile
Sunk in the blaze—then mingle with its ruins.

*Pub.* Thou shalt not live to that. [*Exit after her.*

Thus perish all the enemies of Rome. [*Without.*

*Re-enter* VALERIUS.

*Valerius.* Oh, horror! horror! execrable act;
If there be law in Rome; if there be justice,
By Rome, and all its gods, thou shalt not 'scape. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* PUBLIUS, *followed by* HORATIA *wounded.*

*Horatia.* Now thou'st indeed been kind, and I forgive you
The death of Curiatius; this last blow
Has cancell'd all, and thou'rt again my brother.

*Horatius.* Heavens! what a sight!
A daughter bleeding by a brother's hand!
My child! my child!

*Horatia.* What means this tenderness? I thought to see you
Inflam'd with rage against a worthless wretch
Who has dishonour'd your illustrious race,
And stain'd its brightest fame: in pity look not
Thus kindly on me, for I have injur'd you.

*Horatius.* Thou hast not, girl;
I said 'twas madness, but he would not hear me.

*Horatia.* Oh, wrong him not; his act was noble justice,
I forc'd him to the deed; for know, my father,

THE ROMAN FAT
Trasham del.
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It was not madness, but the firm result
Of settled reason, and deliberate thought.
I was resolv'd on death, and witness, Heaven,
I'd not have died by any hand but his,
For the whole round of fame his worth shall boa
Through future ages.

*Horatius.* What hast thou said? Wert thou so
on death?
Was all thy rage dissembled?

*Horatia.* Alas, my father!
All but my love was false; what that inspir'd
I utter'd freely.
But for the rest, the curses which I pour'd
On heaven-defended Rome, were merely lures
To tempt his rage, and perfect my destruction.
Heaven! with what transport I beheld him mov'
How my heart leap'd to meet the welcome point,
Stain'd with the life-blood of my Curiatius,
Cementing thus our union ev'n in death.

*Pub.* My sister live! I charge thee live, Horat
Oh, thou hast planted daggers here.

*Horatia.* My brother!
Can you forgive me too! then I am happy.
I dar'd not hope for that? Ye gentle ghosts
That rove Elysium, hear the sacred sound!
My father and my brother both forgive me!
I have again their sanction on my love.
Oh, let me hasten to those happier climes,
Where, unmolested, we may share our joys,
Nor Rome, nor Alba, shall disturb us more. [

*Horatius.* 'Tis gone, the prop, the comfort o
age.
Let me reflect; this morn I had three children,
No happier father hail'd the sun's uprising:
Now, I have none, for, Publius, thou must die
Blood calls for blood—to expiate one parricide,
Justice demands another—Art thou ready?

*Pub.* Strike! 'tis the consummation of my wi
To die, and by your hand.

*Horatius.* Oh, blind old man!
Wouldst thou lift up thy sacrilegious hand
Against the chief, the god that sav'd thy count
There's something in that face that awes my so
Like a divinity. Hence, thou vile weapon,
Disgrace my hand no more.
[*A cry without.*] Justice! Justice!
What noise is that?

*Enter* VOLSCINIUS.

*Vols.* All Rome, my lord, has taken the alarr
crowds
Of citizens enrag'd, are posting hither,
To call for justice on the head of Publius.

*Horatius.* Ungrateful men! how dare they
them come.

*Enter* TULLUS, VALERIUS, *and Citizens.*

*Valerius.* See, fellow-citizens, see where she
The bleeding victim.

*Tullus.* Stop, unmanner'd youth!

Think'st thou we know not wherefore we are here?
Seest thou yon drooping sire?
*Horatius.* Permit them, sir.
*Tullus.* What would you, Romans?
*Valerius.* We are come, dread sir,
In the behalf of murder'd innocence;
Murder'd by him, the man——
*Horatius.* Whose conquering arm
Has sav'd you all from ruin. Oh, shame! shame!
Has Rome no gratitude? Do ye not blush
To think whom your insatiate rage pursuses?
Down, down, and worship him.
*1st Citizen.* Does he plead for him?
*2d Citizen.* Does he forgive his daughter's death?
*Horatius.* He does,
And glories in it, glories in the thought
That there's one Roman left who dares be grateful;
If you are wrong'd, then what am I? Must I
Be taught my duty by th' affected tears
Of strangers to my blood? Had I been wrong'd,
I know a father's right, and had not ask'd
This ready-talking sir to bellow for me,
And mouth my wrongs in Rome.
*Valerius.* Friends, countrymen, regard not what he says;
Stop, stop your ears, nor hear a frantic father
Thus plead against his child.
*Horatius.* He does belie me.
What child have I? Alas! I have but one
And him you would tear from me.

*All Citizens.* Hear him! hear him!

*Pub.* No; let me speak. Think'st thou, ungrateful youth,
To hurt my quiet? I am hurt beyond
Thy power to harm me. Death's extremest torment
Were happiness to what I feel. Yet know,
My injur'd honour bids me live; nay, more,
It bids me even descend to plead for life.
But wherefore waste I words? 'Tis not to him,
But you, my countrymen, to you, I speak;
He lov'd the maid.

*1st Citizen.* How! lov'd her!

*Pub.* Fondly lov'd her;
And, under shew of public justice, screens
A private passion, and a mean revenge.
Think you I lov'd her not? High Heaven's my witness
How tenderly I lov'd her; and the pangs
I feel this moment, could you see my heart,
'Twould prove too plainly I am still her brother.

*1st Citizen.* He shall be sav'd.
Valerius has misled us.

*All Citizens.* Save him! save him!

*Tullus.* If yet a doubt remains,
Behold that virtuous father, who could boast
This very morn, a numerous progeny,
The dear supports of his declining age;
Then read the sad reverse with pitying eyes,
And tell your conscious hearts they fell for you.

*Horatius.* I am o'erpaid by that, nor claim I c

On their accounts; by high Heaven, I swear,
I'd rather see him added to the heap,
Than Rome enslav'd.

*1st. Citizen.* Oh, excellent Horatius!

*All Citizens.* Save him! save him!

*Tullus.* Then I pronounce him free. And now, Horatius,
The evening of thy stormy day at last
Shall close in peace. Here, take him to thy breast.

*Horatius.* My son, my conqueror! 'twas a fatal stroke,
But shall not wound our peace. This kind embrace
Shall spread a sweet oblivion o'er our sorrows;
Or, if in after times, though 'tis not long
That I shall trouble you, some sad remembrance,
Should steal a sigh, and peevish age forget
Its resolution, only boldly say
Thou sav'dst the state, and I'll intreat forgiveness.

*Learn hence, ye Romans, on how sure a base*
*The patriot builds his happiness;*
*Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,*
*And nature suffer when our children bleed;*
*But still superior must that hero prove,*
*Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.*

[Exeunt omnes.

## EPILOGUE.

*LADIES, by me our courteous author sends*
*His compliments to all his female friends,*
*And thanks them from his soul for every bright*
*Indulgent tear which they have shed to-night.*
*Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,*
*And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.*
*Oh, who could bear the loveliest form of art,*
*A cherub's face, without a feeling heart!*
*'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boast,*
*'Though men may flatter, and though men may toast,*
*'Tis there alone they find the joy sincere,*
*The wife, the parent, and the friend are there.*
*All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,*
*Are but the paltry play-things of the town;*
*The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the chace,*
*Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.*
*Well then; the private virtues, 'tis confest,*
*Are the soft inmates of the female breast.*
*But then, they fill so full that crouded space,*
*That the poor public seldom finds a place.*
*And I suspect there's many a fair-one here,*
*Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatia's bier;*
*That still retains so much of flesh and blood,*
*She'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.*

*Why, ladies, to be sure, if that be all,*
*At your tribunal he must stand or fall.*
*Whate'er his country, or his sire decreed,*
*You are his judges now, and he must plead.*
*Like other culprit youths, he wanted grace;*
*But could have no self-interest in the case.*
*Had she been wife, or mistress, or a friend,*
*It might have answer'd some convenient end:*
*But a mere sister, whom he lov'd—to take*
*Her life away,—and for his country's sake!*
*Faith, ladies, you may pardon him; indeed*
*There's very little fear the crime should spread.*
*True patriots are but rare among the men,*
*And really might be useful now and then.*
*Then do not check, by your disapprobation,*
*A spirit which might rule the British nation,*
*And still might rule—would you but set the fashion.*